Darling

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by Hildeguard23Graves

Summary

Will Graham La Fontaine is an Omega who was born in Louisiana but moved to Florence with his Alpha mother at a young age. Will was always different from other Omegas, more drawn to violence and he has the ability to see the monsters people hide underneath their person suits. He's a killer with a unique M.O. and being an Omega works to his advantage to stay under the radar until he meets Alpha Dr. Hannibal Lecter. Alpha Lector is like no other Alpha and he sees Will for the dark and violent monster he is, and Will is intrigued by this Alpha who sends him flowers and bodies on the same day.

Notes

This is my first multichapter work and my first work for this fandom but I'm excited to see how it turns out. I'd love to hear you guys' opinions as I post though it won't be often because I have a lot to do this semester, I will do my best to stay motivated. Check out my other fanfics and the first chapters of my book "Hayati" on Wattpad.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

> Hi everyone, thank you for being patient, the new updated chapters 1-4 have been posted. I'll be working on posting on chapter a week from now on so I hope you enjoy.

Will Graham La Fontaine was born to an Alpha mother from the prominent La Fontaine family and an Omega father who lived on the Louisiana bayou and fixed boat motors for a living. It was an unusual profession for an Omega but Bill never wanted to conform to traditional views and that is what made Will's mother fall in love and court him.

The Alpha may have fallen first, but the Omega fell harder and it wasn't long before they wore matching mating marks on their necks. But despite their love and their mating, Will's maternal family tried everything in their power to separate the two and convince their only Alpha child to take what they considered to be a proper Omega wife. Barely a year after their mating, Bill became pregnant and what should have been a happy loving time for the Omgea became wrought with fear and paranoia at what his mate's family would do to his pup.

The stress caused the Omega to go into labor almost two months too early. Will's father died giving birth to him and his mother was so broken over losing her mate that she couldn't bring herself to care for the pup that took him away emotionally. Even though he was born two months early Will, was a strong child. Born with his father's hazel eyes and his mother's curly brown hair, Will was a perfect blend of his parents for anyone who cared to look. He spent most of his childhood living on the estate of his maternal family.

He spent most of his days outside in the woods on the edge of the property, playing in the trees and splashing in the stream that ran through the property, and when he wasn't there he was in the library reading anything he could get his hands on. Even without the love of his Omega father or the attention of his Alpha mother Will was happy.

Will had never been close to his mother's family, they only ever visited twice a year and could never stand to look at the reminder of their child's disobedience. Even after his father's death, his mother would never be able to take another mate in her life, she could have gotten

remarried, but no distinguished family would let their Omega child get married without the promise of a mating bite to seal the union.

So Wil's maternal grandparents couldn't stand the sight of him and even as a young child he know to stay out of their way. When Will was 7 years old his grandparents convinced his mother that staying in Louisiana wasn't the best choice for him. They argued that since Will was her only child, his future Alpha would become the head of the family and no Alpha from Lousiana would take him with rumors swirling about his Omega father's background.

Eventually, they were her own and Will's mother moved them to Florence, Italy, after he was.

Will's mother chose Florence under the pretense of starting a European branch of the La Fontaine shipping business and brought Will with her to essentially start over. Will was used to seeing investors and high-ranking employees visit his mother in Louisiana but the States were more progressive with Omega roles than other places. There he could spend his days outdoors playing in nature, and there was no pressure for him to meet kids his age or even leave his family's estate. It was different in Italy.

By the time he and his mother were residing in Florence more permanently, Will was 8, and in Florence children his age, especially Omegas, we segregated based on their gender. So Will started attending an Omega-only private academy that boasted of being the school of choice for Omega children from wealthy and powerful families.

At the traditional Omega school, Will learned how to speak fluent Italian, French, and German. He was taught to sew and to dance classical styles, as well as play the piano, plan events, and raise children for his future Alpha. Attending this school was the first instance Will realized he was different from other children. There was a young Omgea girl who went missing during Will's third year at the academy.

He was 11 and the girl was in the class above him. It was a huge scandal when she went missing, the daughter of a prominent politician disappearing into thin air, so Will wasn't interested in the case until he saw one of the teachers talking to the parents and giving her condolences. Only instead of a person Will saw nothing but a dark, inky, shape in her place.

The sight didn't scare him, quite the opposite it made him curious, especially since every time someone mentioned the missing girl the darkness took on a stronger shape to the point

where it was almost tangible. About a week later it came out that the same teacher was responsible for the girl's disappearance.

His mother immediately withdrew him from the school and began hiring tutors for Will to continue his education at home and that was when an incident happened that would change Will. His mother decided to go the less traditional route with his homeschooling and hired tutors to ensure Will got a more well-rounded education. He still learned things like embroidery and calligraphy, but now he was being taught math, chemistry, and philosophy. Subjects were usually taught to Alphas and Betas who were way more likely to go to university, unlike Omegas.

The incident that affected Will so deeply was also the same instance he realized what it must feel like to be God. He caught his philosophy tutor attempting to break into his mother's office after one of their lessons. The room was the first door on the left at the top of the staircase, Will had come from the opposite direction down the hall when he caught the man. By the he saw Will, he was already down the hall and the tutor, in his haste to escape, lunged at Will in a despite attempt to silence him.

At 11 Will was stronger than he looked and had youth on his side, the tutor was a portly, balding man who didn't have great stamina but he had the fear of being discovered fueling his movements. It was a brief struggle that ended when Will gained the leverage he needed to push the man down the stairs, where he broke his neck with a sickening crack and a wet gurgle.

Will didn't feel any remorse for pushing a man to his death the adrenaline from the struggle and watching his opponent die in such a quick way wasn't enough for him. Will wanted to drag it out, to prolong his tutor's suffering. After the fact, when his mother came home and he told her what happened, Will didn't mention that he wanted to see it happen again.

As Will grew older and started making his debut in society as a La Fontaine Omega, he learned how to better see under the masks like the one his former teacher wore. The high society types he was being introduced to all wore masks of sophistication and the pretense of high society but something much darker lurked under the surface nonetheless. They all liked to pretend that they had no dirty little secrets or that they were more powerful or influential than they were but Will could see through them. He could see the hideous, gruesome monsters people kept hidden, people like his school teacher or old tutor.

Will learned how to use his unique insight to his advantage, teasing the monsters that lurked for his amusement and pleasure. By the time he was 15 years old, he had, directly and

indirectly, amassed quite a body count.

Oh, he was careful to keep his games out of view of the masses who were nothing more than toys for his amusement and power, he hid his ability under the mask of a particularly soft and demure Omega. It was around this time his education and interactions with high society increased in earnest. Will become fluent not only in Italian, but French, German, and some conversational Japanese and Spanish.

His mother stopped providing him with tutors by this time but Will never stopped learning. Using the public library in Florence as well as the one in his own home, Will continued to devour information at an astounding rate but there were only a handful of people who know just how intelligent he was. Since they moved to Florence, his mother would bring Will to events such as the opera, galas, or gallery openings and that's where he found his hunting pool.

The faces of over-confident, loud Alphas, unassuming, invisible Beats, and meek docile Omegas, who, unlike him, fit the stereotypes set forth by the rest of the world. It never took much to draw those monsters to the surface, all Will had to do was slip on a mask of what provoked and ever so carefully loosen the chains until the monsters broke free and chaos ensued.

Sometimes he even directly hunted his prey, like the Alpha Matthew Brown who was obsessed with him. He was always showing up at the same events as Will trying to get the Omega’s attention and get him alone. At first Will only saw him like he did everyone else, as something to play with for his entertainment until the Alpha went too far. One night he saw Will at work, pushing a Beta to kill her Alpha lover, and tried to blackmail him. Will didn’t let that stand.

Of course, the situation with the Beta murdering her lover, and Matthew’s untimely death aren’t the only deaths that could be attributed to Will. An Alpha strangled his Omega wife, a Beta was pushed over the edge and shot up an Alpha-only bar, and an Omega became hysterical and tried to smother her Alpha, violent crimes that had only one common denomination, Will was the one who loosened their chains.

Even with all the deaths he caused, Will was one thing above all else. He was discreet, he never spent much time talking to his victims in public and he always stuck around during the early hours of events so it looked inconsequential. Sometimes he would even sneak out late at

night to hunt, sometimes he wore disguises it didn't matter whether or not his prey saw him. They wouldn't be alive long enough for it to matter. Eventually, like all good things, it was becoming boring, he wanted something more…exhilarating, something that would tantalize his senses and provide a true challenge.

Chapter 2

Grace La Fontaine made it a point to attend social obligations with her son no matter Will's opinion on the matter. And after spending the night of her Omega son's nineteenth birthday surrounded by Alphas who wanted nothing more than to get her drunk and convince her to marry Will off she felt the need for something new. It was always the same at these events, older couples trying to push their Alpha children onto Will, they'd drone on and on about their family lines, their academic achievements, and their business connections. All in the hopes she would marry Will to one of them and make them the future Alpha of the La Fontaine family.

In between these boring conversations, Grace watched her son. She isn't sure when it happened…no that's a lie…her son changed after the death of his tutor who went down the stairs. Before he could change his face into one of fear and horror for what happed she saw it. The expression on his face…it was…happy, no it was more than that…he was exhilarated by what happened. And she could be nothing but horrified by what her son was turning into but she couldn't do anything.

He was her son and the only thing she had left of Bill in this world, so she would keep what she saw to herself and do whatever it took to keep her boy safe.

Grace snapped out of her thoughts just in time to hear that there was a private event happening tomorrow night. She had already received an invitation and RSVP'd a week ago, but she was interested to see if anyone knew anything about their host. The name on the invitation wasn't one she had heard before but one never know who could be making waves in society tomorrow so she made sure she and Will were ready to attend.

The next night found Grace and Will preparing to attend a private opera performance, where the host was the mysterious Alpha who rented out the entire hall for their private soiree. Will wasn't particularly excited to go to an event that's only purpose was to show off the wealth of the host with typical Alpha posturing. Such a small and intimate gathering as this would make it more difficult for him to hunt but that didn't mean he couldn't have a little fun.

With that in mind, Will dressed to impress in the stereotypical Omega fashion, with a wine-red open-backed evening gown, matched with a black fur shawl and gloves. He accented the outfit with pearl earrings and a matching pearl necklace, and a little black clutch completed the outfit. Tonight Will opted not to wear any perfumes or scented oils, being on the cusp of his heat meant that he scented dark and sweet, like rich chocolate and it was a scent that was universally alluring, especially to Alphas. If he couldn't hunt then he coils at the very least

tease the boundary of polite company with his pre-heat scent. Not quite strong enough to be considered a faux pas but noticeable enough to make any Alphas tense.

Will and his mother left their home at a quarter past eight and took his mother's favorite BMW to the opera. Tonight they would be joining the rest of Florence's upper echelon at the Teatro Niccolini theater and according to the invitation, their mysterious host bought out the hall just for this night.

His mother pulled the BMW car pulled up to the theater just after 8:30, where a valet took it to be parked. Will exited the car, gracefully stepping out in four-inch black stilettos, pulling his shawl tighter around his shoulders, he put his arms through his mother's and followed her up the stairs into the theater.

The moment they made it through the threshold Will's senses were overtaken by a powerful scent that almost had him stumbling over his own feet. Different from his usual mask of demure indifference, Will's face tensed as he subtly tried to locate the owner of that scent.

It was dark like ink and suffocating with its intensity. This wasn't the scent of any mere being, and there he saw it, in the center of the darkness was a creature with twisted, bone-white horns, sharp teeth, and the scent of death surrounding it like a cloying perfume.

Will's pre-heat scent spiked with arousal before he managed to reign it in and suppress the feeling. Everyone one of tonight's guests had just walked into the den of a predator and he was the only one who realized it. His monster noticed him too, it turned its head to look at him curiously but showed no other interest in him. That wouldn't do.

"What's wrong William," his mother asked when he stopped at the entrance to the opera hall, "Has your heat started already?" Will shook his head, no, but honestly, he was completely distracted by the man in the center of the room greeting guests like he didn't see them as something completely beneath him.

Will and His mother made their way into the room proper to greet their host, and as they got closer to the center of the room Will became more and more agitated. When Will and his mother finally made it through the throngs of other guests, some politicians, lawyers, doctors, and Alphas, Betas, and Omegas at the top of Florence's social hierarchy, to greet their host Will felt…something….drawing him into this man.

The man who was their host was tall, standing at least six feet, his silvery blond hair was combed back drawing attention to his high cheekbones and strong jawline. The Alpha was dressed in a well-tailored, dark gray wool suit with a white dress shirt offset by a navy blue tie and matching pocket square. This was a purebred Alpha, one that came out of nowhere and by the looks of it, came to turn Florence into a hunting ground. Will had never been more interested in an Alpha than in this moment.

In proper high society etiquette, the man shook hands and gave a slight bow to Will's mother as a socially higher ranking Alpha, and then turned to Will. The Alpha paused, now that they were only inches apart they took the time to study each other, and Will liked what he saw even more now that they were up close.

This man was a purebred Alpha, Will could see the slight ring of red around the Alphas irises, a sign exclusively found in purebred Alphas that hadn't lost their ability to hunt and provide for their packs. Like the great warrior Alphas of history, that fought great battles and bred equally fierce Omegas to continue their lines. There were only a few bloodlines in the modern day that could boast such a connection to their ancestry and Will was looking right at the living proof of the strength of those bloodlines.

Those piercing eyes flared when the Alpha brushed his lips against the back of Will's hand, and Will never once broke eye contact with the Alpha. And what Will saw in those eyes sent tingles up his spine. This Alpha didn't have a monster lurking behind his eyes, was a monster in all its

dangerous glory, this Alpha was a monster playing at being human.

"Buonasera Bella Omega. Il Mio nome è Dr. Lecter," the handsome Alpha introduced himself.

"Per favore Signore, mi lusinghi," Will responded and the Alpha smiled it was only when his mother pointedly cleared her throat, that Will realized the Alpha, Dr. Lecter, never let go of his hand and pulled him closer into his personal space. Will moved back to his mother's side, carefully sliding his hand out of Dr. Lecter's grasp.

"Alpha Lecter, Italian isn't your first language is it," Will's mother asked switching to English

"No Alpha La Fontaine, I'll admit my Italian barely goes beyond that of a basic conversation though I'm sure to pick it up quickly while I'm in Florence. I'm sorry, I've been incredibly

rude as to not ask the name of your companion for this evening's event.”

Will’s mother frowned, and while not quite rude, Alpha Lecter’s pointed question walked along the border of impolite as it was up to an Omega’s Alpha to decide whether or not they had permission to strangers out in public. Most came to these events as nothing more than showpieces, though that rule had never stopped Will from creating trouble before under his mother’s nose.

“This is my son William. My mate unfortunately is no longer with us and as the only Omega in the household, my son has taken to accompanying me to certain events.”

“I am sorry for the loss of your mate. You must be dreading the day young William goes off to find a mate of his own.”

Will glanced at his mother out of the corner of his eye and saw her clench her teeth. The topic of Will’s future mating had been a point of contention between Will and his mother for months. Will had no interest in settling down and finding a mate, while his mother was being pressured to make a political match for her son to further the business ventures of the company.

Any Alpha who married Will would be the inheritor of the company through marriage and that fact alone was enough for Alphas to constantly try and make appointments to meet with Alpha La Fontaine. Will would have been perfectly content to find an Alpha, one that was weak-willed and easily manipulated into making the decisions Will wanted, but his mother wanted to find him a strong Alpha, one who wouldn't cave to her son's control and would keep his darker tendencies in check.

"Actually, Alpha Lecter, my son has many suitors and I'm sure it won't be long before one catches his eye. Even then they're likely to continue living in our Villa until I retire."

"Well then, I'm sure whichever Alpha catches William's eye will be quite the specimen indeed," the Alpha replied smoothly. Will's mother narrowed her eyes, before sharply nodding her head and firmly began leading Will away from the foreign Alpha, but not before he caught Will's eye and let the monster peek through. Those few glimpses of the monster lurking in Alpha Lecter’s eyes quickly relieved Will of any boredom he was feeling at being dragged to this party. He had finally found a new toy to play with.

Chapter 3

The next morning, found Will back home, he didn't get a lot of sleep that night…to busy thinking about Alpha Lecter. His mother had left for a board meeting that morning, leaving Will to his own devices for the day. Will quietly lounged in his nest. It was a point of pride for any Omega to have a nest and Will was no exception. Will's nest was pushed up against the head of the bed. His king-sized mattress acted as a base and he built up from there. Using high-quality fabrics of different textures in pastel colors, Will took great pride in his nest and spent most of his time there when he could.

Across his room sat a little breakfast nook, situated under the largest window in the room, and it was filled with a fine selection of breakfast items for him to indulge in. More importantly, there was that morning's paper, which would have a page about the social events being hosted from the night before. Will almost leaped out of his nest and made a grab at the paper, quickly turning to the page about societal events.

The Tattler wasn't a credible news source it was more of a gossip paper designed to shock and awe its audience and its editor was notorious for going to any lengths for a story. Will liked it because it was the perfect way to see the products of his manipulations in the most theatrical way possible, but today he was more interested in the story involving Alpha Dr. Lecter from last night's soiree.

'Watch out Ladies and Gentlemen, there's a new Alpha in Florence making waves, and last night he threw his first event of the season. Now I know what you're thinking, but dear readers this isn't just any Alpha but one with the prestige to turn our fair city on its head. Alpha Hannibal Lecter is not only a purebred Alpha, but he's also a Psychiatrist who attended the prestigious Johns Hopkins and he owns a private practice here in the city of Florence. And if that doesn't make you Omegas swoon, the good doctor is also a Lithuanian Count. That's right this Alpha's full title is Alpha Count Hannibal Lecter III PhD. And best of all, it looks like he's single…'

The article went on to list theories on why Alpha Lecter left Lithuania and why he studied in America just to come to Italy. While it wasn't particularly informative, Will still made sure to read every line so he might catch a glimpse of the monster that was Alpha Lecter.

After moving on from the gossip columns, Will perused the paper for more interesting things. He was so invested in meeting Alpha Lecter last night that he completely neglected to hunt.

Outside of a few marriage and engagement announcements, and the weather forecast for the week, there was nothing else of interest in that morning's paper and Will quickly gave up on finding something.

Instead, Will helped himself to a light snack of fruits that always found a home in his nook as a little treat before he had breakfast in the main dining room. To occupy his mind Will decided to continue reading a book a recently started about Empress Dowager Cixi. He had been really getting into the biographies of powerful Omegas in history and recently finished one about Catherine the Great.

"Omega La Fontaine? Excuse me Omega, La Fontaine.." a voice timidly called out a few times until Will managed to pull his attention away from his book.

"Come in."

"I'm sorry to bother you, Omega La Fontaine, but there was a delivery at the door," the maid said as she poked her head inside the room. Will absently waved her in but looked on in mild surprise at what she brought with her. She was carrying a giant bouquet. It was like nothing Will had ever seen.

Of course, people have sent him bouquets before, Alphas and Betas trying to gain favor, and other Omegas sent them as greetings all the time but this one was different. It didn't have any of the typical flowers he'd seen; there were no roses, daffodils, daisies, or tulips. The maid set the bouquet down on the table in front of Will closest to the window and left the room. Will barely noticed her leaving, too intrigued by this overt display of interest.

He moved the bouquet closer to inspect it and noticed a hint of gold that stood out against the muted colors of the flowers. It was a small envelope and in it was a note, written on expensive paper and with a fine pointed pen it read…

'Dear Omega La Fontaine, it was an honor to make your acquaintance at last night's event. It brings me no small amount of pleasure to get a chance to see you again so we may have a chance to converse. You seem to be an Omega with a vast amount of intelligence and I would love to pick your brain on a few subjects I find interesting. I'd like to formally invite you to dinner at my home in two weeks and of course, Alpha La Fontaine is welcome. I hope to see you then,

Sincerely Alpha Count Hannibal Lecter III Ph.D.'

Will read the note over again, it was both personal and formal at the same time. The Alpha referred to him in a formal matter, but his invitation read as personal, and that excited Will. He carefully tucked the note back into its gold envelope and placed it off to the side of the table. Now that he knew who sent the flowers, Will went back to inspecting the bouquet from Alpha Lecter with renewed interest.

Amaryllis and Clematis made up the bulk of the bouquet, their red and purple colors blending beautifully together. And sprinkled among them were Gladiolus and Hyacinth flowers. Alpha Lecter didn't seem like the kind of Alpha to send a bouquet chosen just for their beauty and with that thought, Will abandoned his seat at the computer to look for a book he remembered receiving as a gift. He found, at the far side of the study on one of the lower shelves, a book on flowers and their meanings he received from another Omega from his embroidery class.

Will flipped it open looking for the meanings of the flowers in the bouquet, Amaryllis meant pride, Clematis mental beauty, Gladiolus integrity and strength, and finally Hyacinth meant game or to play. Will's smile took a sharp edge to it, it seemed this Alpha liked to play games and Will was more than happy to tease the monster.

Chapter 4

A few days after Will received the bouquet from Alpha Lecter saw him at the Oblate Library, in the heart of Florence. He was waiting to meet a friend of his he met at a conference on the psyche of a serial killer 2 years before. His mother had let him go very reluctantly, and Will made the most of the experience. Every good hunter comes prepared to catch their prey and Will was an excellent hunter.

He met Beverly Katz during a panel with the FBI's Behavioral Analysis unit. At first, she thought Will was just there as arm candy for an Alpha but that changed very quickly when Will started to ask the guest speakers intelligent and probing questions.

An Omega who went outside the mold and showed an interest in crime and the minds of killers was pretty interesting, and she made a point to introduce herself to him. Will liked Beverly, she was a funny, intelligent, and social Beta that worked for the FBI as a crime scene investigator. She was five years older than Will and treated him like a little brother sometimes.

Her team was on loan to Florence because there had been an uptick in suspicious deaths in the city, so they were there in part to teach the local police their methods and in part to help them bring the murder rates back down.

Despite her busy schedule she always made time to hang out with Will, she found it just as amusing as he did when he played demure Omega in public and showed off his sharp wit and dry humor in private. It took a few minutes but Will found Beverly on the second level of the library sitting among the stacks of books near an open window.

"Will! You finally made it, I was beginning to think you were going to stand me up again."

"Come on Beverly, I already apologized and made it up to you will those ballet tickets."

"Mmm, you left me waiting outside a dark and creepy museum for three hours, I still think you should be punished a little bit more."

" How about I take you as my plus one for a dinner I was invited to in two weeks? My mother can't make the event, and it's being thrown by that Alpha Lecter. It's a small dinner for people he's personally invited."

"You mean that same Alpha that Lounds was writing about a few days ago? The one with all the titles?"

"Yes, based on the invitation I received it'll be held at his home and this will be the perfect opportunity to hold something over Lounds."

"OK Will you have a deal, and if this party is as good as you're making it out to be then you'll be forgiven."

Will smiled at Beverly's put-upon tone, even though she was acting like she was doing Will a favor, he could tell she was excited. Beverly and Lounds, the author of The Tattler, have a bit of an ongoing rivalry about who could get the most exclusive invites to high society events.

Beverly had the advantage of knowing Will and had many opportunities to be his plus one when his mother wasn't present. Lounds and the other had tended to use less than savory tactics to get invites to parties, and if she couldn't secure one she was known to sneak in. Getting a chance to attend the first private event of a newly eligible Alpha put Beverly miles ahead, and Will knew she would be sure to gloat to Lounds every chance she got.

"Will, are you listening to me?"

"...Wha…Oh, I'm sorry Bev, I got a little distracted. What were we talking about?"

"I was telling you about the murder scene we found last night…though it was more of a disposal site since we couldn't find evidence that a murder happened there. Jack wants to keep it on the down-low for now but I know how interesting you find all that gore."

" I'm less interested in the gore than the mentality of the killer, I find the psychology interesting," Will said with a grin. Beverly grinned right back at him, she knew of Will's interest in the macabre but didn't question it she liked having someone outside of work to talk to without turning it into work.

"Well, you've got my attention so spill. What makes this one so interesting is that you couldn't wait to share."

"That's just it Will, I've never seen anything like it before. The body was completely drained of blood, I mean we went over every inch of the factory where the body was found with a fine-toothed comb and couldn't find a single drop of blood. But that isn't even the best part,"

Beverly leaned in closer to Will as of she was telling him a dire secret and said, "Every bone in the chest cavity, the ribs, clavicle, sternum, they were all removed and the cavity was filled with soil, with fresh flowers planted right there. It was like a flower pot but with a person as the pot. Look, I even took some photos to show you. "

As Beverly passed her phone to Will as she described the scene to him, Will caught glimpses of the crime through the pictures. He could see the moment the killer stuck, could taste the pheromones of fear from the victim, so thick he thought he'd suffocate. The killer took a controlled pleasure in the killing, their movements were quick and precise as he cut open the victim's chest and started removing bones and organs.

Will had to forcibly drag his mind out of the scene before he went in too deep. This was the first time this had happened, the first time he almost lost himself in the mind of a killer or victim that wasn't his own. But instead of scaring him away, it made him more excited.

Here was a monster that know what kind of beast they were. They placed themselves at the top of the food chain and considered every other person in existence as nothing more than fodder for their desires.

The last picture on the scene was what caught his attention. It was a perfectly angled shot that captured the flowers planted in the victim. Amaryllis, clematis, gladiolus and hyacinth. All the flowers he'd received two days ago from Alpha Lecter. Though that wasn't exactly enough evidence to make any claims, it didn't stop something from clicking for Will.

Alpha Lecter and Beverly's mystery murderer had some kind of connection. They may even be one and the same, the question was what would Will do with that information. Using the same flowers sent to Will in a murder, Alpha Lecter was bold. So bold in fact that this crime couldn't have been his first time. It may not have even been his hundredth time.

A body dump so pristine that not even the FBI could determine where the victim was killed in the first place. The only clues present were what the killer wanted them to find. It read as something straight from a macabre painting hung in a museum.

As much as he wanted to continue delving into the mid of this particular killer, Will gently turned the conversation away from this new case and towards more socially acceptable topics like what Beverly was planning on wearing to the dinner.

Will spent another hour in the library talking to Beverly before they said their goodbyes and went their separate ways. Instead of going straight home though, Will decided to make a quick detour. There was a lovely antiquities shop up the road from the library, run by a Beta and his pup.

Will quite enjoyed peaking in now and again to see what little odds and ends they had in store, he's even managed to find some interesting pieces like an ornate 17th-century Spanish dagger or the beautiful 1920 René Lalique vase he bought for his mother. But his most important reason for visiting the shop wasn't the antiquities but the man selling them. Garret Hobbs was the owner of the antiquities shop and he was a serial killer.

There wasn't anything overtly dangerous about the man, and nothing about his behavior would suggest that he was responsible for the deaths of seven children. All little girls between the ages of five and seven, all bearing a remarkable resemblance to Hobbs's young daughter Abigail. Will's discovery of Hobbs' proclivities was partially an accident.

By the third girl to go missing Will had noticed the commonality of their appearance. These girls had nothing else in common, they lived in different towns around and within Florence, they went to different schools, and their parents had never met. The only thing connecting the girls was their appearance, but that wasn't enough to tell Will where they were being hunted until he stumbled upon the antiquities shop.

When he first met Abigail she was sitting on a chair in the corner of the shop next to the register, the perfect spot for her father to keep an eye on her. The first thing Will noticed was how similar she looked to the missing girls, but it wasn't until he watched Hobbs watch his daughter that he realized what he stumbled on.

Hobbs was killing little girls that reminded him of his daughter, he was fearful of the future when little Abigail would grow into a young woman and leave him to live her own life. Will continued to visit the shop once a week months, becoming a regular there and lowering Hobbs's guard around him.

The man didn't even mind when Will started to bring gifts for Abigail, just little things like chocolates or a children's book he thought she'd enjoy. It was after the disappearance and apparent death of the fourth child that Will had concrete evidence against Hobbs. Will followed him from the store one night. Hobbs had been suspiciously antsy during Will's regular visit that afternoon. He was twitchy, always glancing at Abigail with a look on his face like he wanted to reach over the counter and wring her neck and was just barely holding himself together. He and Abigail lived above the shop, so he sent his daughter upstairs and closed the shop for the night so he could go hunting. Not knowing that he had become prey too.

It was also after that disappearance that the Polizia finally caught on to what Will already knew. Since then Hobbs had dropped three more bodies and with the FBI in Florence trying to help lower the city's murder rates it wouldn't be long before Hobbs was caught. Will had even thought about bringing Beverly by the shop one day, she was a skilled investigator. Even if she didn't catch on immediately, she would eventually make the connection between Abigail and the girls, then jump to Hobbs as the murderer.

More importantly, it would allow Will to get his hands on Abigail. While most Omegas have an instinctual need to nurture those around them, even from a young age, Will had never had the same feeling. Even now, what he felt towards Abigail wasn't a need to comfort or nurture the girl but to possess her like a dragon hoarding treasure. Will had imprinted on a pup that wasn't even his, a pup that was the child of a murderer killing girls that looked like her.

And once her father went to prison, Abigail wouldn't have anyone to protect her except the Omega that came in once a week and spent time with her in-between browsing antiquities. Hobbs may even try to kill Abigail before get got caught in a last-ditch effort to keep his daughter close to him but Will won't let that happen. Not to his pup.

Today though Will spent only a few minutes looking around the shop after greeting Abigail before going home. He had a lot of things to prepare for after all it would take time for him to put his little family together now that he’s found a potential Alpha for him and his pup.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

New chapter, there will be weekly updates from now on.

The night of Alpha Lecter's dinner party was here and for the first time in his life, Will was unsure of himself. He had no solid evidence that Alpha Lecter had any involvement with Beverly's case, being sent the same flowers from a crime scene was circumstantial at best. No matter how unique the bouquet was.

Will decided that tonight he was going to spark the Alpha's interest differently. Instead of dressing the traditionally feminine way of most Omegas, Will opted for a more androgynous look. He paired dark grey slacks with a white dress shirt with ruffle detailing on the front and lace work on the collar. It wasn't supposed to be particularly chilly since it was the middle of May so Will opted out of wearing a coat and finished the look with a pair of hanging pearl earrings, silver cuff links, and black loafers with gold buckles.

Since he was going with Bev as his plus one they decided to meet at his home and have one of his mother's drivers take them to the dinner. Will double-checked the address on the invitation while he waited for Beverly to arrive, it wasn't far from his own home…in fact, it was a walkable distance away which made it plausible that Will would be seeing more of the Alpha by pure coincidence.

Beverly arrived by taxi a little after 8:10, though since she was being expected a maid let her in straight up to Will's room.

"Grazie Andrea, per favore vai a dire a Lorenzo di portare la macchina in giro. Partiremo a breve."

Beverly waited until the maid nodded and left the room before pouncing on Will. "So what's up with that outfit?"

“What do you mean, I think it looks good.”

“That’s exactly my point, you’ve put in a lot of effort with this. I mean the lace detailing on the shirt alone is beautiful but you’ve paired it with designer slacks and hanging pearls. Someone is preening for an Alpha.”

Will rolled his eyes at Beverly’s teasing and laughed. He was doing no such thing, it was pure coincidence that he chose pants that accentuated his ass and a shirt that drew attention to his slender neck and round face. And he wasn’t even thinking about how the earrings had been in his family for generations and were the gems of choice for Omegas trying to come off as elegant and sophisticated.

Beverly herself looked lovely in her suit. She was going bold by wearing a light grey pair of dress pants and a matching vest over a bright dress shirt opened just below the neck. She was wearing a pair of ballet slippers now but she would change into a stunning pair of heels the same color as her shirt. Most Beta’s chose to wear clothes with more muted tones, but Bev didn’t like to dress according to the convention. Another reason why Will liked her so much.

Denial had never tasted so sweet. Beverly looked too much like she knew the thoughts running around his head, so Will deflected as he lead her out of his room. He passingly called out to his mother in her office to tell her they were leaving and not to wait up for them and she nodded distractedly.

Bev always loved riding anywhere with Will because she loved cars and his mother owned several very expensive, very cool classics. It was one of the few hobbies she found pleasure in, collecting and driving classic cars not just from Italy, but from around the world. Whenever they got together Will let him choose the car they would travel in just for a bit of a surprise and Bev never held back.

This morning she texted Will and decided they would be arriving in a black 1951 Ferrari 212 Touring Barchetta. Before Andrea left his room earlier, he asked her to tell Lorenzo to pull the car around to the front of the driveway. Bev all but snatched the keys in her excitement to drive and soon they were on the road heading a little ways outside the city.

The address Alpha Lecter had listed in his invitation took them to a beautiful villa, tucked away behind a wall of tall shrubs. Beverly carefully parked the car in between two other cars

in the designated parking space next to the front entrance. She made sure to park close enough so that she didn't have to walk far into the heels she switched into after parking.

Will checked his phone while Bev was still fiddling with her shoes, they arrived at 8:40 which gave them twenty minutes until the start of dinner to mingle with the other guest. They weren't late but Will doubted that anyone would arrive after them. Everyone was all too eager to catch a more personal glimpse into the life of the distinguished Alpha.

Once Bev was finished with her heels, she and Will made their way to the front door of an imposing villa. In the dark of night, they couldn't make out many details but the building was clearly pre-modern architecture, but well maintained giving it a regal feeling. That feeling is accentuated when the door opens before they can even knock.

Will wasn't expecting Alpha Lecter to open the door himself, but there he was just as tall and handsome and Will remembered.

"Buonasera Omega La Fontaine, e ospite."

"Buonasera Alpha Lecter, questa è la mia amica Beverly."

Beverly and Alpha Lecter nodded politely to each other as he let them into his home.

"It's nice to meet you Alpha Lecter, I was honored to get a chance to meet you in person as Will's plus one."

"Ah, is English easier for you Ms….?"

"Katz, yes actually it is. I'm only in Italy for work and I've been slow with picking up the language."

Beverly excitedly tried to engage with Alpha Lecter, not noticing he was only feigning interest in what she was saying. With a look of polite disinterest Alpha escorted them to the parlor with the rest of his guests and after tactfully extracting himself from conversing with Beverly, disappeared behind a set of swinging doors.

Beverly started to make conversation with some of the other guests in attendance. A few approached her first after seeing her enter with the La Fontaine Omega, and she drew in a small crowd once she started talking about the PG version of her work at Quantico.

Will took that time to subtly wander away from the group, towards the edge of the room. Once he was sure no one was paying him any attention, Will left the parlor to explore. After all, if things went his way, he would be building a nest for his Alpha and pup in this villa soon enough.

Will wandered back out in the opposite direction of the front door heading deeper into the villa. Without the distraction of other people, he could take the time to appreciate the structure and the artwork present in the home. He stopped to peek down other hallways and into a few rooms that had their doors open, but he found the pièce de résistance. The door was open enough for Will to slip into the room.

If the curtains weren't drawn back to let moonlight slip through Will would have seen anything, as it were his eyes still needed time to adjust and when they did it was a sight to behold. It was the library from Beauty and the Beast. Rows of books from the floor to the ceiling, Will walked along the first row trailing his fingers and wrist scent gland across the spine of the books. Some felt brand new, others had worn spines from benign opened and read over and over again.

He stopped and pulled out something that didn't quite belong, it was a sketchbook and when he opened it the first page was an incredibly detailed sketch of the Wound Man. Will only recognized it because the first case Beverly told him about was that of a serial killer who operated on the eastern seaboard when she first started working at Quantico. The victim was impaled by a number of surgical scalpels in a wound pattern that exactly matched the ones of the Wound Man.

The Chesapeake Ripper was the moniker awarded to this particular killer. He had been tied to 15 deaths but with the level of skill displayed with each kill, the FBI speculated that the

number could be much higher. According to Beverly, the FBI had never gained a solid piece of evidence that pointed to any suspects.

Her boss Special Agent Jack Crawford was obsessed with catching the Ripper, especially after the probie FBI agent Miriam Lass went missing investigating the case. There's no evidence that she's still alive but that wouldn't stop Agent Crawford from working the case like she was already dead. The Ripper had become his white whale and he was Captain Ahab falling farther into madness and obsession.

Will fingered the sketch and the detail of the stab wounds was hypnotic enough that he didn't hear the approaching footsteps of his host.

"If you are quite done Omega La Fontaine, the rest of the guests are being seated and we are preparing to start. "

"I'm sorry Alpha Lecter, I didn't hear you coming, and as you can guess I was a little curious about you. I just couldn't resist," Will said calmly. There was no need to let the Alpha know just how badly he startled him.

But judging from the stony, yet still polite look on the Alpha's face he didn't particularly care for excuses, and Will wasn't inclined to make any. He handed the sketchbook over to the Alpha still open to the sketch of the Wound Man. Alpha Lecter barely glanced at the book before closing it and slipping back on the shelf and offering his arm to Will.

Even when irritated Alpha Lecter still presented with the manners expected of his station. Will smiled demurely and took the Alpha's arm and allowed him to escort him out of the library. Alpha Lecter closed the door soundly behind them. And though he had been caught snooping, the light trails of his scent he left in the room would be sure to keep him on the Alpha's mind long after he left.

Alpha Lecter escorted Will to his seat in the massive dining room, pulling out the Omega's chair next to Beverly who gave him an exaggerated wink as he settled in for what promised to be an interesting affair.

“Buonasera ospiti, stasera ho preparato per voi un banchetto della carne. Niente servito stasera sarà vegetariano.”

As the guests let out an applause and a few claps the servers came out with trays of food. Alpha Lecter was telling the truth, nothing being brought out looked even remotely vegetarian, this was a feast of the flesh.

Will and Beverly made small talk with each other and the others around them. Occasionally someone directly praised Alpha Lecter for the menu and tried to engage him in more personal conversation which the Alpha managed to wiggle out of every time.

The most interesting part of the night had come when Will took a bite of pork loin.

‘ *Oh, he’s that kind of monster. Well, let’s have a little fun with this.’*

Will turned to his left to address the Alpha at the head of the table.

“Alpha Lecter I have to say this loin is delicious. What did you say it came from again? I could swear I’ve had it before.”

The Alpha looked away from his current conversation to answer the Omega only this time the irritation from catching Will in his library was replaced by smugness. Instead of his usually politely disinterested smile, Alpha Lecter seemed to greatly enjoy where Will was taking the conversation.

The Alpha thought he knew something his guests didn’t and he would have been right if there wasn’t another monster looking back at him.

“Well Omega La Fontaine, this is pork loin that I marinated in a spice blend native to our beautiful Florence.”

“Ah, that must be it. This is a long pig, and I must say you’ve done an excellent job with the spice blend. Tell me Alpha, do you hunt?”

Will’s comment about the long pig made with Alpha stiffen, but his question about hunting caught the monster's attention. Now he had the full force of it staring him down, watching for any signs of weakness but Will didn’t flinch he just maintained eye contact while taking another bite of loin.

Dinner ended at 10:30 and while some of the guests started to leave after finishing their digestif, Will pulled Beverly back so they could talk to Alpha Lecter before leaving. Bev was going to sleep over in a guest room close to Will’s before being dropped off at her apartment the next morning.

“I had a wonderful evening Alpha Lecter I hope we can meet again.”

“It was a pleasure to meet you, Ms. Katz, I’m glad you had a nice time.”

“Omega La Fontaine, it was a delight to see you again I hope we’ll have other chances to meet.”

“Alpha Lecter, tonight you were a wonderful host, and I hope you would be as kind as to forgive my indiscretion earlier this evening. I hope that at our next meeting, I’ll have a chance to enjoy watching you prepare a meal, from start….to finish.”

Will smirked at the bewildered look on the Alpha’s face as he and Beverly retired back to the care and back to Will’s home for the night.

Round 1 goes to the Omega.

Chapter 6

It had been six days since Will's encounter with Alpha Lecter at the Alpha's dinner party, and not once had the Omega heard from him. Now that they'd each had a peek at each other's monsters, it became a waiting game to see who would crack first.

Would it be Will, giving into his Omegan urges to mark his Alpha with a savagery that scared him, or would it be Lecter, his Alpha giving into the urge to completely possess his Omega?

Just the thought of Lecter claiming him like the purebloods of his line sent a shiver up Will's spine. But he couldn't afford to get distracted now. He'd noticed a larger amount of polizia over the last few days since his last visit to the city. Oh, it was a subtle increase, something the average citizen wouldn't notice but Will wasn't an average person.

The most curious thing was that most of them were in plain clothes like they were undercover. Will only noticed because he was looking for when the polizia would finally catch on to Hobbs and it looks like they did. Now Will just had to make such that at the end of it all he was going home with his pup.

Abigail's loved spending time with him since he started going to her father's antiquity shop. From what Will was able to find out after a bit of research was that Hobbs was married to a Beta woman and they lived in Prato, a province outside of Florence, for the first few years of their marriage.

After Abigail was born, her mother fell out of the picture and that baby became Hobb's whole world, which explained his penchant for killing girls that looked like his daughter. His wife was gone, now whether she left him or he killed her, Will wasn't sure, but what he was sure of was that if anyone threatened the fantasy he had built around himself and his daughter Hobbs would kill them.

Even Abigail herself if Hobbs thought she was going to abandon him someday, he might just kill her so no one would ever have her.

Hobbs didn't move to Florence until three years ago when Abigail was two, and a year after his first killing in Florence the FBI came to the city to help the polizia lower their vicious crime rates. It was only a matter of time before they started to make the same connections Will did.

Hobbs was hunting his victims from places children frequent with their families, parks, zoos, and aquariums, and once he saw a girl that reminded him of Abigail, he became compelled to stalk and kill them at a later date.

Despite his overprotectiveness, Will was able to use his Omegan nature as a natural baby whisperer to get past his defenses and spend an increasing amount of time with Abigail. Without a mother in her life, Will was the closest she had to that kind of maternal bond though at first it was one-sided on her part.

It wasn't after Will had been visiting the shop for eight months that he started to become attached to the little girl. With her beautiful blue eyes, wavy brunette hair, and cherubic face, Abigail forced her way into Will's heart and he imprinted on her.

Now Will's inner Omega was convinced that Abigail was his and the more time he spent with Abigail the more it became clear that she imprinted on him too. He had even begun to scent her a little at a time by leaving her handkerchiefs with his scent and carefully rubbing his wrist against hers. Omegas in prime breeding age with no children were known to imprint on orphans on children with only one parent.

A lot of foster or adoption organizations often prefer to allow Omegas or couples with an Omega partner to take kids into their families. Legally if an Omgea imprints on a child without any living family members, then the child is placed with them once authorities have determined that the Omega can provide for the pup in a safe environment.

This is why Will isn't worried about getting custody of Abagail. As long as he was around when Hobbs was confronted and passed himself off as the desperate Omega trying to keep the pup he imprinted on safe, she was likely to go home with him at the end of the day.

Of course, all his planning would be for naught if Abigail didn't want to go with him. So Will had to time his arrival at the shop just as Hobbs would break under the pressure and try to kill his daughter.

Will's chance came on the 20th of May. He went to the antiquities shop in the late afternoon, he was running late because his mother stopped to talk to him about the business luncheon she was hosting at their home and whether or not she could expect to see him. That led to a heated argument about Will's reluctance at being paraded around to his Alpha colleagues who will drone on and on about their Alpha heirs.

It was after 3:30 when Will made it to Hobbs shop and saw that it was closed. It was unusual for it to be closed this early in the day, Hobbs didn't close until around 9 unless he was out hunting, but he'd never closed it this early.

Will was even more suspicious when he tried the door and it opened easily under his touch. It seemed like someone was waiting for him. It couldn't be Hobbs, at this point he wouldn't have the mental capacity to plan an ambush, and even if he did Will would have smelled him in the shop first.

Instead, the only scents there were faded from the day before and there was no fresh scent of Hobbs or Abigail to indicate that they came downstairs at any point today. Will's inner Omega was becoming anxious, its pup was missing and there was no sign that she or her father were even still in the building.

Will was quiet as he carefully made his way inside the shop locking the door behind him. That would stop someone from surprising him from behind, but that still left the problem of what was going on inside the shop.

The blinds were still closed from the night before so Will, only had a little light streaming from the gaps to see with. He silently stalked the stacks of antiques, looking under tables for Abigal and listening out for the steps of her father.

Nothing.

There was nothing in the shop which left only one other place to check….the upstairs apartment where Hobbs and his daughter lived. Will had never been into their living space, it was too much of a risk that he could get caught or leave his scent on something.

Which made what he was doing all the more dangerous. Will was going into the den of a serial killer Alpha who was under immense mental strain and could snap at any moment, all without knowing the layout of his home.

Will cursed out loud, he'd predicted that Hobbs would cause a scene, that he would break down and it would turn into a standoff with the polizia and he die by suicide by cop. He didn't predict that Hobbs would hunker down above his shop and not make a move.

And he was upstairs, Will could hear him pacing across the floor and he made his way to the staircase at the back of the store. Normally it was blocked off with a sign that told customers that the area was off-limits but now there was nothing there.

As Will climbed the stairs he was able to hear more clearly and there in the background of Hobbs stomping and the underlying scent of anger was crying. The sound of Abigail's terrified sobs and scent sharp with fear sent Will's inner Omega into a frenzy.

He barely remembers breaking down the door and rushing Hobbs. The Beta was too surprised at having an intruder to defend himself at first, but he started to seriously fight back after Will tackled him to the ground.

They knocked over furniture and crashed against walls in their violence. The fight wasn't quick and easy, and Abigail started to beg for Will once she saw him go for her father. Out of the corner of his eye, Will could see his pup, but she wasn't just crying out of fear.

Something was very wrong and with that thought, Will let his feral, protective Omega come to the surface.

This fight was a battle with Will's snarling and biting at Hobbs, mind filled with the rage of an Omega protecting their pup. That isn't to say Hobbs didn't put up a fight, he managed to get the upper hand and smash WIll's head agist the floor, but that didn't stop the disoriented Omega from sinking his teeth into Hobbs in any place he could.

And through it all, he could hear his pup crying and screaming for her father to stop hurting Will. His heart filled with love for Abigail and that love is what made him surge up against Hobbs to sink his teeth into his neck and rip out his throat.

Like an Omega from a history book, Will fought and killed a threat to his pup. Drenched in Hobbs blood, the Beta drawing one last gurgling breath, Will crawled over to where his pup was hiding under the kitchen table and curled around her.

Keeping her safe from any other threats.

Chapter 7

It had barely been 5 minutes since Hobbs died and this home and shop were swarming with polizia and FBI agents. A passerby on the street heard the sounds of fighting and a crying child and called the police.

They had already been sitting in the shop so it wasn't long until they were swarming the building like ants. When the first officers on the scene arrived upstairs they were completely horrified by the scene that greeted them.

The shop owner Mr. Garret Hobbs lay dead in a pool of his blood. His throat was ripped out, and what they could see of the body was covered in bite marks, scrapes, and bruises. But more importantly, there was the scent.

When someone is in an agitated or overly emotional state, their scent reflects that but when an Omega is in a stressed or agitated state, the scent has been known to make people physically ill. That's what happened to the responding officers when they tried to move further into the room.

Will's inner Omega hasn't accepted that the danger to him and his pup had passed and he was releasing a scent designed to keep people away from him and his pup.

Eventually, it got to the point where no one could enter the room. Even Beverly tried to get close enough to get to WIll but his scent sent her Beta senses reeling. She had shown up with her FBI team to help apprehend Hobbs until the call came in about the fight.

Even though he knew her and they were friends Will still wouldn't let anyone into the kitchen room, though she was able to convince with some soothing tones to let the coroners remove the body.

Will couldn't focus on anything other than keeping his pup safe. Abigail had stopped sobbing but still sniffled and burrowed deeper in Will's arms as he hid them away from the world.

“Omega La Fontaine, can you hear me?”

Will twitched violently, how did someone get so close without him realizing? He immediately started to snarl until he took a better look at who he was facing. Alpha Lecter was crouched down in front of Will a few feet back putting him just out of the danger zone unless Will wanted to leave his hiding place to attack him.

Despite putting himself in a disadvantageous position it was clear that the Alpha was the one in charge. Will’s Omega was confused, it wanted to attack anyone who was a potential threat to its pup, but this was its Alpha and it didn’t want to hurt him.

Alpha Lecter took advantage of Will’s internal struggle to move closer to the Omega and pup, making sure to keep low to not aggravate Will any further.

“Omega La Fontaine, do you remember me? It’s Dr. Lecter, your friend Beverly contacted me through my office so I could help. Do you think maybe you and your pup would like to come out now?”

Alpha Lecter continued to speak softly but firmly to Will, but he didn’t count on what Abigail would do. The little girl, with tear tracks down her puffy red face, got annoyed by the strange Alpha invading their space so she wriggled out of Will’s arms and bites Alpha Lecter’s hand.

Will tensed, he could see the monster under the person suit sure forward and stare down Abigail, but the little girl was fearless. She only bit down harder, her little canines drawing blood from the Alpha, a little growl building in the back of her throat.

Monster and child started each other down, neither giving an inch.

After several tense seconds Will came out from under the table, his inner Omega calm, and gently pried his pup’s teeth from the Alpha’s hand.

“I’m so sorry Alpha Lecter, she didn’t mean to.”

“I think she did but that’s ok. It’s rare to see a bond this deep between an Omega and pup without them being related.”

The Alpha rose to his feet and pulled a handkerchief from his suit pocket to wrap his hand. Now that Will was fully back in control of his mind and body, he was embarrassed. He went into this knowing he and Abigail would imprint on each other and form a parental bond. That was the plan even before Alpha Lecter came into the picture and Will decided he wanted him, but he didn’t expect the bond to affect him to this extent.

He wasn’t supposed to kill Hobbs in a fit of Omega rage. He was supposed to die through suicide by cop and Will would play the role of the Omega who imprinted on a newly orphaned pup and takes her in to raise nurture on his own.

Now his original plan was out the window and he was working on the fly. First, he picked up Abigail and held her away from Alpha Lecter, letting his defensive posture keep everyone away as the Alpah escorted them out of the room.

No one would risk setting him off as long as he kept his body language tense and ready for a fight. Abigail didn’t fight his hold, instead, she snuggled up with her nose in his neck scenting him and allowing his protective scent to calm her down.

Since the entire ordeal started she hadn’t said a word. She still said nothing as Alpha Lecter escorted them past her father’s body and out onto the street. Police tape and officers were working to keep back a growing crowd of onlookers.

Suddenly his vision was blocked by a navy blue jacket. Alpha Lecter had taken off his suit jacket and used it to cover Will and Abigail from the spectators behind the police tape.

“Omega La Fontain…”

“Please Alpha Lecter, I think we’re past the point where you call me Will.”

“....Will, I know your Omega doesn’t want you to be out in public right now, but I must insist that you and your pup seek medical attention.”

“No, No doctors or hospitals, we just need a ride home and I’ll take care of it from there.”

“Will, please…”

“NO, I don’t need to…”

“Omega.”

And that was it, that one word put an end to the argument. Alpha Lecter put his hand on Will’s back and guided him and Abigail into the front seat

“Hold on there,” a large man came barreling towards them wearing an FBI windbreaker and an angry look on his face. Will immediately moved behind Alpha Lecter using him as a shield against this new aggressor. The Alpha merely glanced at Will before turning his attention back to the FBI agent.

“Those two need to give their statements of what happened here. At the very least that girl should be released into our custody,” the man thundered.

“Mr…?”

“It’s Agent Crawford with the FBI, and you’re taking away an important witness and the person who just killed a man.

“Agent Crawford, I’m sure you can see just how terrified they are, and clearly there is a bond between this Omega and pup. Why else would he have gone to such lengths to get her?”

“Who are you to judge what I can and can’t do!? A man was just killed and you expect me to let you walk away with the prime suspect and the victim’s child!?”

“I am Dr. Hannibal Lecter and I am a psychiatrist, and it is my professional opinion that this Omega and pup, who have clearly imprinted in each other, need to be treated for their injuries and shock. If you wish to speak to them I suggest you go through this Omega’s Alpha.”

“And I assume you are the Alpha in question.”

“No, I am merely an acquaintance offering my services. If you really must get in contact with them you may go through the La Fontaine family. This is Omega William La Fontaine and I’m sure his Alpha will be excited to hear how you’re preventing him from receiving care.”

“Fine! But don’t you leave the area,” the Alpha FBI agent growled before stalking back to the crime scene. This time when Alpha Lecter lead them away they weren’t stopped and made it up the street to a parked Bentley. Alpha Lecter unlocked the passenger door and helped Will and Abigail inside before firmly shutting them in and going around to the driver's seat.

“Will, I know that you don’t want to go to a doctor, but I wouldn’t feel comfortable letting you and your pup leave my company is still injured. Let me treat your injuries. My practice is only a few minutes from here, and I would be happy to drive you home after.

“Okay,” Will responded softly. He spent the ride trying not to openly watch Alpha Lecter and tried to keep his attention on Abigail. He took off the jacket Alpha Lecter lent them to get a better look at her.

Abigail’s face was still puffy and swollen from crying, but tears were no longer running down her face. She sat on Will’s lap cuddled to his side switching between looking up at him and giving Alpha Lecter the evil eye.

When Alpha Lecter pulled into the parking lot of his office, Will barely waited for him to properly park before he was out of the car and heading for the front door. It was unlocked, so he walked in with Abigail in his arms and took a second to look around.

The office reminded him of Alpha Lecter's home. It was warm but elegant. The front waiting area had a few cushioned chairs and coffee tables spread out, and there was classical music playing from the speakers in the ceiling.

Alpha Lecter once again placed his hand on the small of Will's back and guided him into the room he used for individual patients. He sat Will down on the lounge couch in the middle of the room and walked over to the desk in the corner.

While Alpha Lecter was rummaging around through the desk drawers, Will finally set Abigail down next to him on the couch. Her legs dangled from the edge of the seat and she still held on to Will's hand, but she seemed more willing to be separated from home that they were essentially holed up away from the rest of the world. Alpha Lecter returned to them with a large first aid kit and kneeled in front of Abigail first.

"Hello, Ms….?"

"Abigail, her name is Abigail and you can talk to her in English or Italian. She knows both."

"Very well. Ms. Abigail my name is Dr. Lecter and I would like to take a look at you to make sure you're okay. Your Omega will stay here while I do it so there is nothing to worry about."

"Is that okay Abigail? Can Alpha Lecter give you a check-up? I promise not to move from this spot while he does it."

" It's okay, but you have to stay here Mama."

Will flushed a bit at that. This was the first time Abigail had chosen to give Will a parental title. Whenever he'd visit her at the shop, she would call him Omega, not even his name or

Omgea Will, just Omega.

“That’s very okay Abigail, you *Mama* can stay right there while I take a look.”

Alpha Lecter had a small smile on his face as he watched Will’s reaction to being called ‘Mama’. He carefully projected all his movements as he checked Abigail's arms and legs for cuts and scraps. Will watched him like a hawk.

Abigail was lucky to only get away with a few bruises on her knees and a small cut on her cheek that only required a small bandaid over it. Once he was finished with her, Alpha Lecter started to move away from Abigail until the little girl reached out and grabbed the hand she bit earlier.

“I’m sorry I bit you.”

“That’s okay Ms. Abigail, you were only protecting your mother and I can’t fault you for that. Though I must warn you from doing it again, not everyone out there will be as forgiving of rude behavior.”

“Like my daddy? Was he rude?”

Will and Alpha Lecter glanced at each other, Will nodded his head. He wanted to see how the Alpha handled this.

“Yes Abigail, your father was a very rude man. He hurt you and your Mama, but he was still your father and it’s okay if you miss him.”

“Nope. I don’t miss him, he was a monster but that’s okay because Will is a scarier monster but he loves me more than Daddy did so it’s okay if I go with him.”

“Is that so? What kind of monster was your daddy Abigail?”

“He was scary, he always stared at me and didn’t like it if I left the store. And he hurt girls, ones that looked like me he hurt them. He thought I didn’t know but I saw him, bring them home, and then I’d never see them again.”

“Then what kind of monster is Will?”

“I think that’s enough questions for now Alpha Lecter,” Will interrupted. The Alpha’s smile turned to smirk at gaining the upper hand but Will couldn’t find it in him to be mad.

“Will, if you insist that I call you by your name it’s only fair that I allow you the same courtesy. Please call me Hannibal,” the Alpha said as he moved to check on Will’s injuries.

Now that the adrenaline of the fight was gone, he was starting to feel his injuries. Though Hobbs didn’t stand a chance against a feral Omega, that didn’t mean Will didn’t take any damage. Hannibal had to bandage both his arms and stitch a cut on his forehead.

“Here, take these pills to help with your pain.”

“Thank you….Hannibal. It seems like every time you see me something is going on.”

“Don’t think like that Will, I happen to think you’re a very interesting man.”

Will smiled and swallowed the pills Hannibal gave him. The irony wasn’t lost on either of them even if they hadn’t acknowledged the elephant in the room. A serial killer was trusting another one to treat his injuries and feed him medicine.

Will snorted at the thought. Once he swallowed the pills Hannibal helped him and Abigail up from the couch and lead them back outside to his car. Will gave Hannibal the directions to his home and he and Abigail made themselves comfortable in the passenger seat. This time Abigail spent the ride looking out the window and asking Will about the buildings they passed.

By the time Hannibal pulled into the driveway of the La Fontaine villa, she was starting to doze off. Hannibal pulled the car up as far as he could and parked. This time Will waited for him to come around and help them out of the car.

“Thank you Hannibal for your help today.”

“You are most welcome Will. I hope that we’ll meet again under less stressful circumstances.”

“I look forward to it,” Will replied. Stepping back from the Alpha’s presence Will climbed the stairs to his home with Abigail asleep in his arms. At the top of the stairs, he looked back to see his monstrous Alpha watching his every move.

Even if the day had gotten out of hand and he had to work on the fly, Will called this a victory. Now he just needed more excuses to lure Hannibal into spending time with them as a family. Maybe next time he’ll invite the Alpha to hunt with him. With those thoughts in mind, Will stepped into his home and slammed the heavy door behind him.

Chapter 8

“William, I don’t know what you were thinking allowing yourself to imprint on this pup but now she’s your responsibility. You will have to care for her and manage her schooling, fortunately, she’s displaying early signs of becoming an Alpha so at least we can say there is an heir apparent to the La Fontaine family.”

Will nodded along with his mother’s lecture while watching little Abigail try and use her knife and fork to cut up the borlengo they were served for breakfast. Will gently took the plate from her and pushed a bowl of cut-up fruit forward in its place while he cut Abigail breakfast for her.

“Grazie Mama.”

“Prego tesoro. Make sure you eat all your food, we have a busy day ahead of us.

“Si Mama,” Abigail replied as she went back to eating her breakfast. Today Will was taking her shopping in the city. While he has been prepared for a child, theoretically, he hadn’t been able to get any practical things for Abigail before without it being suspicious.

Now they would spend the day picking out furniture and clothes for Abigail’s new bedroom, right across the hall from Will’s so she could find him whenever she needed. Then he would have to consider getting her into primary school for the upcoming year.

Children in Italy didn’t start schooling until they were six, which Agibal wouldn’t turn to until the end of July. Will only has a few months until school starts in September to find a private school that met both his and his mother’s standards, get Abigail tutors and after-school activities, plus make time from the numerous social obligations they would have to make as parent and child.

Tomorrow the family lawyer would come to the house with the final paperwork for Abigail’s adoption, and once that was done he would be able to get started on everything else. For

today though, Will was only focused on helping Abigail pick out things for her room and clothes for her closet.

“Excuse me Mother, Isabella could you take Abigail upstairs and help her get ready? And make sure she wears sensible shoes, we will be doing a lot of walking today.”

“Si, Omega La Fontaine,” the maid helped Abigail down from her chair and lead the little girl upstairs to her room to get her ready for her outing.”

“Now Mother I know what point you’re trying to make and I assure you that I have everything under control. As soon as the adoption paperwork is finalized tomorrow I’ll start looking into schools for Abigail and tutors to supplement her learning at home. I assure you that I have thought this through. That girl is my pup and no one will take her away from me.”

At that, Will abandoned his mother at the table and went upstairs to his room to get dressed for the day. He had already picked out Abigail's clothes and laid them on the bed for Isabella to dress her in, and he decided that matching with her would be cute.

It would also show anyone who was out that he was taking his new role seriously and that Abigail was an accepted member of the La Fontaine family. Shopping wasn’t the only thing on his mind though. Will hadn’t had a chase to truly hunt since Hobbs and he was getting kind of antsy.

There was even a new killer in Florence. So far they had only dropped two bodies, but the way they were staged was what got his attention. The first one was a Beta man found in an abandoned theater his throat had been opened up and his vocal cords had been cut out and replaced with violin string.

The second was an Omega woman found sitting up on a park bench, body poised to play a flute carved from her own radius. The authorities were calling the killer responsible Il Musicista. Unfortunately, that’s all Will knew. He’s spent the last few days holed up at home getting Abigail settled, he hasn’t even had time to return Bev’s calls and he was avoiding Agent Crawford and his lot.

Abigail came bouncing into his room dressed in a cute yellow floral sundress and black mary-janes with white socks, her hair was set in a French braid and she twirled for Will to show off her dress. It was fortunate that his mother kept some of the clothes from his childhood so Abigail had a few things to wear until they went shopping.

Will matched her outfit by wearing a sun yellow short-sleeved blouse, with white pants and black loafers. Today they were being chauffeured to the shopping district of Florence. Most people associate Italian fashion with the city of Milan, and they forget that Florence was the original city of fashion influenced by Catherine de Medici herself.

Will and Abigail would be shopping away from the malls filled with mainstream designer brands and instead would focus on the boutiques that had a long history of selling custom, well-crafted goods.

The first boutique they went into left Abigal in awe. It was filled with beautiful clothes for children's casual wear. They would be going to another store for more formal gowns and suits for events, and once Abigail formally presented she would decide what her wardrobe would look like.

For now though, even if Will suspected he had a future Alpha on his hands, he would buy her a mixture of dresses and pants outfits so she could dress any way to her heart’s content.

Will let Abigail take the lead in picking out her clothes, every once in a while giving his input but letting her choose her everyday wear herself. One of the shopping assistants helped them with measuring Abigail to get her sizes and kept track of the clothes she wanted.

Anything they decided on today would be charged to the family credit card and delivered to their home over the next few days. After another clothing boutique, Will took Abigail to get shoes and accessories.

They had a late lunch at a cafe across from their last stop, Will had an eggplant lasagna and Abigail had a child’s portion of carbonara. Abigail was starting to get tired after lunch so Will decided that they would make one more stop for the day before heading home.

Abigail tiredly stumbled next to Will, holding his hand with one of hers while wiping at her eye with the other. They didn't end up going very far. There was an instrument shop a little way down the road that Will wanted to go to and look around.

He learned how to play both the piano and violin and he thought that maybe they should look around and see if any piqued Abigial's interest. While he hoped that she was more musically inclined, Will didn't plan to force it, he mostly just wanted her to have a hobby outside of school and home so she could socialize more.

A little bell jingled when Will opened the door to the shop. It wasn't a huge place but it had enough space for two grand pianos in the back and various smaller instruments displayed around the store.

Abigail perked up a bit when she saw all the instruments and Will let her go explore. He wandered around the shop slowly, always making sure to keep an eye on Abigail but letting her explore on her own for the most part.

Will was studying a small violin when he heard the bell at the front door chime again.

"Hello Will, I wasn't expecting to see you today," a beautifully accented voice said from behind him. Will whipped around and came face to chest with Alpha Lecter…..no he was 'Hannibal' now.

"Buon pomeriggio Hannibal. Actually, I was in the area doing some shopping for Abigail. She was in need of a few things and I thought we'd make a day of it."

"Ah and how is Ms. Abigail? I hope that she hasn't taken her fathers' death too hard?"

"She hasn't mentioned him at all, she's been incredibly hyperactive but well-adjusted at home and she always has access to me even at night."

"It sounds like she's doing much better than I expected her to be doing considering the circumstances."

“Well like she said, she has a more dangerous monster in her corner now.”

“Oh, is that what you are Will? Are you dangerous,” Hannibal whispered as he moved closer to Will.

Before Will could respond the bell on the door chimed again and portley, sweaty man in an expensive suit trotted into the store. At first, he doesn’t seem to notice them, too busy wiping the sweat off his face with a handkerchief.

He looks around and as soon as he sees Hannibal the man excitedly rushed over to them. Hannibal looks about as unhappy as Will has ever seen him though he hides his displeasure behind and false smile as the man gets closer.

“Dr. Lecter, it’s so good to see you again,” the man says as a grabs Hannibal’s hand to shake it vigorously. The Alpha looks like he’d rather chew through his own arm to get away from the man and Will can’t help but snort at the scene.

That brings both men’s attention to him. Hannibal looks amused at Will’s amusement and the man looks jealous. Of what Will doesn’t know until he opens his mouth again.

“Hello I’m Franklin Froideveaux, I’m Dr. Lecter’s patient,” the man said with pride. Will’s snort of amusement had turned to a smile at how uncomfortable Hannibal looked by the man’s continued presence.

“Hello Mr. Froideveaux I’m Will La Fontaine and I’m friends with Hannibal.”

The man looked as if he’d cry from Will’s response. He’d avoided referring to the man by his secondary gender which was used as a sign of respect in today’s world, plus Will had called Hannibal by name showing just how close their relationship was for them to avoid using honorifics.

Hannibal himself looked intrigued by Will's description of their relationship. They hadn't spent any time together outside of that dinner at Hannibal's home and they hadn't seen each other since the incident with Hobbs, but Will describing their relationship as more than it was to other people was the Omgea's way of socially laying claim to the Alpha.

As Will watched Mr. Froideveaux visibly deflate, Abigail came back to him. She barely glanced at Hannibal and didn't acknowledge Mr. Froideveaux at all, she just walked straight up to Will and pulled his pant leg.

"I'm ready to go Mama."

"Abigail you remember Alpha Lecter right," Will asked as he nudged her to face him.

"Yes, hello Alpha Lecter."

"Hello Ms. Abigail, how are you."

"I'm good, Mama and I went shopping today and bought a lot of clothes and shoes, and I get to pick out new paint and furniture for my room tomorrow."

"That sounds nice," Hannibal replied, they were completely ignoring Mr. Froideveaux who looked to getting more and more flustered. He wanted Hannibal's attention and was struggling to get it without being rude.

"I had a question for Will before we got sidetracked. I have an extra ticket to the opera in two days and I was hoping to convince you to attend as my date."

Will was going to refuse, but the look of utter despair on Mr. Froideveaux's face was too interesting to pass up the opportunity.

"Thank you for the invitation Hannibal, I would love to join you at the opera, in fact here's my number. We should talk more at a later time, Abigail and I should be getting home soon."

Hannibal smiled, a real one this time, and bid them goodbye. Mr. Froideveaux stared after him forlornly, and that's how Will and Abigail left him. Their driver picked them up in front of the shop and Abigail spent the whole ride home excitedly talking about the instruments she saw and begging for lessons.

Chapter 9

“I have to say, Hannibal, I didn’t expect to hear from you so soon,” Will said into his cell phone. He’d gotten a call that morning after setting Abigail up with an English tutor. Though Will and his mother both spoke fluent Italian, they mostly spoke English at home and Will wanted Abigail to start learning as early as possible.

It had been less than a week since he’d given the Alpha his personal number and while they did text every once and a while, this was the first time one had called the other.

“I am terribly sorry if I’ve interrupted anything important, but unfortunately I’ve found myself in a bit of a bind and I want to request a favor.”

“Another one?”

“Why yes, I suppose this is the second favor I will be asking you for isn’t it?

“Yes it is, first the opera and now this new favor. If I didn’t know any better Hannibal I’d think you were trying to monopolize my time.”

“Maybe a little Wiliaml, now for that favor?”

“Yes?”

“You remember my office, I took you and Abigail there to rest after that incident with her father.”

“You mean the incident where I killed him in a feral Omegan rage over a pup I’m currently imprinted on? Yes, I remember you taking us there.”

“Well you may not have noticed because of your altered mental state but there are some parts of it that haven’t been completely finished. Mostly areas away from the eyes of my patients, and I was wondering if you’d be so inclined to help me make some cosmetic decisions.”

“Hannibal…..are you asking me for decorating advice?”

“Yes I am, is that such a surprise?”

“It is, but then again I don’t know what I was expecting when you said you wanted a favor.”

“Is that a no then Will?”

“It’s not not a no. What time should I arrive?”

“I’d appreciate it if you could come over in about two hours. I have some samples here I’d like you to go through.”

“Very well Hannibal, I’ll see you in two hours.”

“I’ll see you then Will.”

Once Hannibal hung up, Will threw himself across his bed. Something was off about the Alpha’s request, Hannibal didn’t seem the type to ask for favors, let alone one as inane as someone’s interior design opinions. It was suspicious but Will’s curiosity won out.

He didn’t want to be rude, but he also didn’t want to look like he was at Hannibal’s beck and call so Will arrived at his office twenty minutes past when they agree to meet. Will decided to drive himself, no need for it to get back to his mother about who he was meeting.

Will pulled into a space next to an SUV already parked in front of the building. The door was unlocked so Will let himself in and walked straight to Hannobal's office, and straight into a trap. Sitting across from Hannibal was the FBI agent who harassed Will and Abigail at the scene of Hobbs's death, and who continued to harass the La Fontaine lawyers until he was slapped with a cease and desist order.

The Alpha had loured the Omega into a trap using the FBI. It was the beginning of a bad joke, two killers walk into a room with an FBI agent, and now all they had to do was wait for the punchline.

"Ah WIll, I'm sorry I didn't come get you at the door, as you can see I was a bit preoccupied with a guest."

"That's fine Hannibal, though I have to admit that when you called this morning I wasn't expecting you to have made other plans."

"Actually Omega La Fontaine, I came to get Alpha Lecter's professional opinion on a case," Agent Crawford cut in. The Alpha was looking far too interested in their banter and Will wasn't happy with his harassment or how Beverly had been avoiding him recently.

"Agent Crawford, I'd expected you'd gone back to the States seeing as how there hasn't been any recent news about the police finally catching Il Musicista."

That made the Alpha puff with rage and Will tense as he prepared for a fight. It never got that far as Hannibal interrupted with, "Actually that's what Agent Crawford and I were talking about. He wanted my help building a psychological profile of the Il Musicista killer."

"Speaking of killers….how have you been sleeping Omega La Fontaine? I would think after that incident with Hobbs you'd be having trouble. Guilty conscious and all."

"I don't know what you think you're implying Agent Crawford but my lack of guilt comes from the fact that I did *nothing* wrong," *except set up Hobbs up to die in the first place* , "and

I protected a little girl from benign killed by her father."

"What about the other little girls' Omega La Fontaine?"

"Excuse me?"

"We found evidence at the Hobbs home that he was responsible for the disappearances and deaths of several little girls all bearing a striking resemblance to his daughter Abigail," at this point, the Alpha had risen from his seat and was standing toe to toe with Will in an effort to intimidate him.

"Do you seriously want me to believe that you, a wealthy Omega who had no reason to be in that part of the city, killed a serial killer by complete coincidence?"

"You seem to be under the impression that I owe you some kind of reasoning Agent Crawford, but let me be absolutely clear that I owe you *nothing* and if you continue to make a nuisance of yourself, my lawyers will slap you with more than a cease and desist," Will growled.

This Alpha was starting to get on his nerves, but outright killing him put Will at a disadvantage. No….he wouldn't kill Agent Crawford anytime soon but the man needed a warning and Will was more than happy to provide it. And Hannibal as well, the Alpha having spent the entire argument looking on in amusement, needed to be punished as well.

"You'll have to excuse me Hannibal I don't think that I'll be much help for your little project today," Will said as he began walking back the way he came. Having this short a reign on his anger wouldn't end well for the Alpha if Hobbs was anything to go by.

Will didn't give either Alpha a chance to respond as he quickly walked back to his car. He couldn't go home in this state he'd just scare Abigail, so Will peeled out of the parking lot a headed to the inner city.

He drove around for about an hour before parallel parking outside a row of shops. Will was coldly calm, he had to be if what he was about to do was going to work as a warning even if Hannibal and Crawford didn't know it yet.

He waited a few moments and wasn't disappointed when the person he saw earlier in his drive came out of a gourmet cheese shop. Fitting.

"Mr. Froideveaux" Will called out from his car through the passenger window.

"Oh, hello. You're Hannibal's friend…..Omega La Fontaine."

"Yes, but you can call me Will. Actually, it's a good thing that I saw you. Hannibal was telling me about some redecorating he wanted to do and mentioned that he wanted to get your opinion on interior design."

"Really!? He wants my advice," he said excitedly coming closer to the car to talk to Will. The windows were tinted enough that no one would see who he was talking to at first glance and there was enough background noise from pedestrians and other cars that it was unlikely anyone would hear their conversation.

"Yes, he was telling me that you had amazing taste and the next time he saw you he was going to ask for your input. In fact, I just passed by his office on my way here……I could give you a ride and we can see if you can catch him before he leaves."

"YES, yes that would be great," the Beta gushed. He climbed into the passenger seat of Will's car with excitement. Will pulled away from his spot smoothly and headed back to Hannibal's office.

"You know what Will, you're not such a bad person. I know it must have been a little upsetting for you to hear Hannibal talk about my amazing taste in decor but that's okay I'm sure you'll have a friendship as close as the one Dr. Lecter and I share."

“I could only hope Mr. Froideveaux.”

“Please call me Franklin,” the man replied before going back to droning on about how close he and Hannibal were.

It wasn’t long before Will was pulling into the parking lot of Hannibal’s office. This time though, a certain SUV was missing and so was Hannibal’s Bentley. Will fired off a quick text but didn’t get a response which meant that Hannibal wasn’t around or else he would have replied immediately.

“Franklin I just got a message from Hannibal, he said he stepped out for a moment but we could go in and make ourselves comfortable until he returned,” Will said as he climbed out of the car. Franklin followed him to the front door, which was fortunately still unlocked, and followed the Omeag into the building.

Will had to hurry because Hannibal not responding to his text immediately left Will with a bunch of unknown variables which meant he had to move quickly. He let Franklin entire Hannibal's office before him and let the Beta make himself comfortable while still rambling on.

Will made an appreciative noise to make it seem as if he was listening while he locked the door behind him. Hannibal had mentioned that even though his main office and one of his patient rooms were already put together, most of the building was still under construction.

That meant no cameras no witnesses unless Hannibal made a surprise appearance in the next 20 minutes.

“.....and that’s why I think Hannibal and I really get along.”

“That’s very impressive Franklin,” Will said as he moved further into the room stopping just behind the Beta, “With the way you talk you must spend a lot of time with Hannibal…..I mean outside your sessions of course.”

“Well yes, though we never make any outright plans we often see each other, since we run in the same circles you know.”

The Beta barely got a chance to finish his thought before Will was on him. Will grabbed the Beta by the scarf he was wearing and strangled him with it. Franklin struggled and fell forwards off the couch, but Will followed him to the floor making sure to keep out the way of flailing limbs while he pulled the scarf tighter and tighter.

Franklin's death was slow and painful, and Will didn’t let go until well past the time someone would die from strangulation. Will huffed as he rolled Franklin over, his eyes had bugged out his pupils were blown, and Will could just make out the ligature marks on his neck starting to form.

This next step required a lot of skill and attention to detail for Will. First, he rummaged through Hannibal’s draws until he found what he was looking for. A few scalpels and sharpened pencils to suit his purposes. Next, he quickly ran out to his car and grabbed a small kit from under the driver's seat.

At first glance, it looked like a basic first aid kit until you looked closer. Will opened the kit and pulled on a pair of elbow-high latex gloves and worked quickly to strip the body. He grabbed some wipes and poured out a bit of bleach to erase any physical evidence he may have left when he struggled with Franklin.

Next came the fun part. Will did some research on the Chesapeake Ripper after his confrontation with Agent Crawford. He remembers Bev saying that the killer was his white whale and that he would do anything to catch him, even though it looked as if he’d gone dormant.

Will took each scalpel and pencil he could find and stabbed them into Franklin’s body until he looked like the Wound Man sketch Will found in one of Hannibal’s books. He left one scalpel for another purpose, but it took him longer than he anticipated to get them all in deep enough.

Will used the final scalpel to, as best as he could, surgically remove Franklin's liver from his body. Bev didn’t really go into detail, but she did mention that every Ripper victim had at least one organ missing. She thought they were being taken as trophies, but Will had another

theory based on his extensive research. He thought the Ripper was eating his victim's organs and Franklin's liver going to be very useful to Will's plan in the future.

From the murder to the staging, start to finish, took Will a little over an hour since he wasn't trying to move the body and only got rid of his presence on the body itself and not the entire room. During that time Will assumed he was alone in his work, but if he'd just taken a second to glance out the window he would have seen his Alpha watching him with a look of wonder.

Unknowingly copying his work.

Once Will was sure his stage was set he gathered his kit and headed to his car, snapping off his gloves and driving off.

After Will's car was out of sight, Hannibal made his way through the front of his office and took in the straight with awe. What a vengeful creature the Omega was, warning Hannibal by killing one of his patients and making it look like a Ripper kill to send Agent Crawford into a tailspin.

He couldn't wait to see what else the Omega had in store.

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Hello, Will you look lovely. I must admit I wasn’t sure if you were going to keep our date after our impromptu meeting with Agent Crawford,” Hannibal said as he greeted the Omega. He didn’t mention or even hint at anything amiss and Will had been regularly checking the news and crime blogs to no avail.

It seems like someone was covering up Franklin’s death, to what end Will wasn’t sure but there wasn’t a doubt in his mind that the Alpha saw the body. But he gave nothing away.

Will smiled, “Well I did agree to come to the opera with you days ago, canceling now would have been rude of me.”

“Yes it would have, but I’ve found that I don’t mind a bit of rudeness from you,” the Alpha replied as he guide Will to their seats. They had been talking in the main hall waiting with the rest of the guests for doors to open so they could take their seats.

Several people came to talk to them together, fawning over Will’s black strapless black evening gown and jewelry, or Hannibal’s midnight blue suit matching each other perfectly. People wanted to know how long they’d been courting, whether or not Will’s mother approved, and if that meant Hannibal would become the new La Fontaine Alpha.

A few of them carefully asked after Abigail, but Will knew that was more so to see Hannibail’s reaction than his. While it wasn’t unusual for Omegas to take in the children they imprinted on and treat them as their own, Alphas were different. They didn’t have the same parental imprinting instinct as Omegas and purebred Alphas like Hannibal were notorious for only wanting to propagate their bloodlines.

Both Hannibal and Will skillfully navigated the shark-infested waters that were Florence's high society until they were able to go to their seats. Tonight's performance was Madama Butterfly, one of the most famous operas in the world, and one that was almost impossible to get tickets for.

The fact that Hannibal managed to acquire a pair so late in the season spoke volumes to the Alpha's growing influence in high society despite only being in Florence for only a short while. Will and Hannibal settled into their seats to watch the performance.

Every once and a while Will could feel eyes on him, not Hannibal he was focused on the opers, but somewhere else in the opera hall, someone was watching him.

Opera wasn't something Will found fun recreationally, he much preferred to be outdoors as opposed to benign stuck inside unmoving for almost three hours and as soon as the performance ended he got up from his seat.

Hannibal stood with him, with a slight smile on his face. He could tell that Will was going stir-crazy, yet the Omega had sat through the performance without complaint.

They stayed a few minutes more for some mingling but Hannibal didn't drag out Will's torture much longer and guided the Omega to his car. Will had been dropped off by a driver earlier in the evening and Hannibal insisted on taking him home after the performance.

"I take it the opera isn't something you normally find entertaining?"

"Was I that obvious?"

"No, in fact, you did an impressive job feigning interest in both the opera and the company."

"I assume you're referring to how I manage not to gorge out my own ears after hearing the hundredth question about our relationship."

"Come now, Will I wasn't that bad."

“Says the Alpha they were too intimidated by to question. You stood there and interjected every once and a while but for the most part, you left me to the wolves.”

“Yes, I have to admit that I found them to be especially rude tonight. Signor Romano’s comment on breeding was particularly offensive.”

“Don’t remind me, I’ve just calmed down from that.”

“Very well, I won’t bring him up again.”

Will and Hannibal sat in silence for a bit. Unlike other times when they were together and there was silence, this one was tenser. The monster came very close to the surface tonight with Signor Romano’s question to Hannibal about when he’d begin breeding Will.

The man’s one wife looked on in horror as he got progressively ruder until Hannibal shut him up with a look. Will couldn't see it from his angle but he could see how meek SIgnor Romano became and how the people standing next to him moved back like a herd of sheep from a predator.

Now sitting in the car Will could still see parts of the monster still close to the surface despite Hannibal’s usual control.

“I have a question for you Will, what do you consider our relationship to be?”

“Well as of this moment we’re friends Hannibal,” Will answered. It didn’t seem to satisfy the Alpha though, because he pulled over on the side of the road. They were less than ten minutes from his house. Will could have gotten out a walked the rest of the way, but he wanted to stay.

This was a conversation that was either going to make or break this game they were playing.

“Is that all we are?”

“Yes. Unless you don’t agree with that assessment?”

“I agree that we are friends now, but I do think we have the potential to be something more.”

“Oh, and what led you to that conclusion? Was the few meetings we’ve had or the fact that every time we do meet it’s under less than favorable circumstances.”

“I thought that tonight’s circumstances were very favorable, other company aside.”

“Ah yes, speaking of other company how’s Agent Crawford? I hope he wasn't too disappointed to not get the Omega’s corporation especially since he tried so hard to intimidate me.”

“Agent Crawford did overstep the last time you saw him, and seeing the man’s resume I’m not surprised. He’s a fine FBI agent who has a stellar track record for catching killers, but his aggressive and overbearing personality makes him hard to deal with.”

“You got all that from a few meetings with the man?”

“No, I must admit to doing some research on him after our first meeting, but he isn’t what I want to talk about Will.”

“No? Then what do you want to talk about our ‘relationship’?”

“We could or we could talk about Franklin,” at that Will tensed, his Omega going on the defensive. The monster sitting next to him grinned, it was trying to back him into a corner.

“Franklin? Do you mean your friend Mr. Froideveaux?”

“Yes, I can’t imagine that you could forget him so quickly especially since you killed him in my office.”

“Really, and when did this supposed murder happen Hannibal?”

Hannibal closer to Will their faces almost touching, but he most passed to whisper in his ear, “I saw you kill him. You didn’t notice me but I was standing right outside the window watching you strangle Franklin…….you were beautiful.”

“Mmm, was I,” Will whispered back.”

“Yes, darling Omgea, so strong and fierce, you even mimicked the stabbing from the Wound Man. Such a beautiful monster you are.

“If I’m a beautiful monster, what does that make you?”

“A man obsessed with posing you in every way,” Hannibal said. Will couldn’t hold back anymore and kissed his Alpha. Hannibal responded immediately and dragged Will across the console into his lap.

Hannibal deepened their kiss, while both their pheromones filled the car drowning them in a haze of lust and passion. Hannibal kept his hands firmly above Will’s waist. One holding Will against his body while the other ran through his hair, tugging the strands to get Will to make more breathy moans.

Will had no qualms about putting his hands anywhere he could reach. Hannibal’s hair, arms, and back were free game. After a few minutes of making out like teenagers, which Will was, they pulled away.

Will's face was flushed pink which made his blue eyes pop, his lipstick way smudged, his dress was ruffled and he was panting softly. Hannibal didn't look much better, his perfectly styled hair was in complete disarray, his lips were pinkish from WIll's lipstick and he'd lost a shirt button to the Omega.

After they'd gotten their breathing under control Will climbed back over into the passenger seat but didn't bother buckling in. Hannibal started the car and drove the last few minutes to Will's home, pulling up right in front of the door.

Reminiscent of the last time the Alpha dropped him off at home, Will sat in silence for a few moments, different thoughts swirling around in his head.

"How old are you," Will asked suddenly. Hannibal stared at him for a second before laughing. Will blushed, he hadn't meant for that to come out.

"I'm forty darling boy, twenty-one years your senior."

"Could be worse, you could be completely ancient."

"So I'm only partially ancient, is that it?"

"Yup."

Hannibal gave Will a real smile, one where both the monster and the person-suit looked completely enamored with the Omega. Hannibal helped Will out of the car and escorted him to the front door. Once again they didn't have any parting words, yet both understood this wouldn't be the last time.

Chapter End Notes

I won't be posting another chapter next week because of some other things in my life but I will be back with chapter 11 and possibly 12 by 07/07.

Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Will and Abigail spend some quality time together.

“Omega La Fontaine, you’ve received flowers again.”

“Bring them in and set them on the table.”

Will was awake but Abigail had come to his room this morning and he decided they would be having a lazy day. They lounged in his bed after having stuffed French omelets for breakfast. Every day for a week since Will and Hannibal parted, the Alpha had been sending Will flowers.

Today he sent a dozen pink roses, the day before they were red, and the day before he sent a tiger lily. For each flower he sent to Will, a murder would happen the night before and would show up in the news.

Hannibal had sent Will seven bouquets and seven bodies to go with them. The Alpha was courting him in earnest now and Will was fully enjoying the chaos it was bringing to the city. Agent Crawford had stopped bothering his lawyers entirely and turned his focus completely to these new murders. The news even broke about Franklin’s death, though when and where he’d been killed was being kept under wraps.

The entire city was living in fear of the killer they were calling L'uomo dei fiori, “The Flower Man.” Though unlike the FBI and the rest of the public, Will had attributed three other murders to his Alpha and he was starting to see a pattern he’s sure no one else would ever notice.

These murders had the same feel to them as the killer Bev had mentioned to Will before, the Chesapeake Ripper. Something about the methodical nature of these murders in Florence

reminded Will of the killer and as he looked deeper into the victims left in America and compared them to the killings in Florence he became more convinced.

His Alpha was one of the most prolific international killers probably in history, and he was the only one who knew.

No one thing about the murders in America and Florence stood out as a signature of being from the same killer, but they had the same effect on him as the first time he'd seen a Ripper victim. Even through pictures, he could easily step into the mind of the killer as if it was his own, and only one man has had that effect on him since they met.

Alpha Count Hannibal Lecter III Ph.D., was the Chesapeake Ripper and the newly dubbed L'uomo dei fiori.

On top of everything else, Will's Alpha even made sure to send gifts for Abigail. First, it was a cute Italian doll, then he sent her a sketchbook and some expensive paints and brushes to go with it.

He was making an effort because he know that Will would never leave her behind, and Will had been upfront with Abigail about the Alpha's courting when it first started. He explained to her that Hannibal was courting him and that meant the Alpha wanted to mate and marry Will.

No Alpha of Hannibal's status would begin the courting process unless it was with the intention of mating their chosen partner. And no Omega of Will's status and with a child would accept unless they thought the Alpha was not only serious but accommodating of a child that wasn't theirs.

Will explained that if for any reason he thought that Hannibal wouldn't be accepting of them both as Mate and child then he would end the courtship immediately. Abigail took a few minutes to think about it, though Will knew she was intelligent for her age, he wasn't sure how much she really understood about the courting process.

She was only six years old and her father had been a Beta, so he doubted she'd even come in contact with many Alphas and Omegas let alone knew about their mating practices. But Abigail surprised him. First, she'd asked if Hannibal was a monster like her daddy.

Will smiled and told her, "You're daddy was a man pretending to be a monster, Hannibal is a monster pretending to be a man. He's far different from your father, and his love won't end in him trying to kill us. Kidnap and hold us hostage in a manic attempt to keep us close maybe, but he wouldn't kill us."

Then she asked if he would become their family Alpha, she'd asked her English tutor about it and the poor woman answered to the best of her ability but apparently, that wasn't good enough. Will patiently explained to her that because Hannibal had a noble title, even though nobility was mostly part of a bygone era, he wouldn't be able to become the La Fontaine Alpha legally.

Mating Will would give him all the power and household authority, but legally he'd have to petition to either have his title transferred to the next available heir or absorb the La Fontaine family into his and they'd become part of the Lecter clan with all the power and authority of Will's maternal family.

"Then what would that make me?"

"Well. since you're my daughter and you're showing early signs of being an Alpha, you are the heir apparent of the La Fontaine family. Hannibal would only be the regent Alpha until we decided you were old enough to take over."

"What about if you two have kids and one of them is an Alpha."

"Since I consider you to be my firstborn child, and that's how you're legally registered here in Florence, then you would still be first in line to inherit my family name. Our next Alpha child would have Hannibal's blood and therefore would claim to be the next Count or Countess Lecter."

"So no matter what we'll still be a family?"

“Of course Abigail. I would never let anyone or anything threaten your position as my child. If Hannibal has *any* problem with that *I* will handle him. That said I don’t think that’ll be much of an issue, Abby. You will always come first for me remember that.”

“Okay, Mama.”

“That’s my sweet girl.”

“Now what do you want to do today Abigail, we have all the time in the world.”

“I want to stay here with you today Mama,” Abigail replied snuggling under Will’s chin scenting him. Even though Abigail was starting to display Alpha tendencies, she still scents like a pup, milk with undertones of milk and lavender.

“In that case, I have something that we’ll both enjoy but you’ll have to go get dressed first.”

“Mmmmmm…”

“Come on Abby get up and put on something that can get dirty, I think you’ll really enjoy this,” Will said as he nudged his daughter. She pouted at him for a moment before sliding off the bed and running to her room to get dressed.

Will followed her example, and after a quick shower, he put on an old, ratty t-shirt, and a pair of worn jeans, and grabbed a pair of scuffed boots to put on outside.

Abigail come from her room at the same time Will did, wearing a cute pair of denim overalls over a purple t-shirt. Will had taken the time to buy her clothes that were specifically for play and that she didn’t have to worry about getting dirty and those overalls were Abigail’s favorite.

Abigail followed Will outside to the backyard and waited for him while he went to get her surprise. The weather was warm and there was a slight breeze blowing. Overall it was the perfect day to be outside and the perfect day for what Will wanted to do.

Will, came back to Abigail, but this time his arms were laden with equipment. He was carrying two fishing poles, a tackle box, and two folding chairs slung over his shoulder. Today he was taking his daughter fishing.

Wil gave Abigail one of the poles to carry and lead her further on the property to a little river that ran across this and several other properties near the La Fontaine villa. This is where Will used to play as a child before school and social engagements started taking up more of his time.

Abigail became excited at the prospect of taking part in something Will loved and Will was excited to teach her. After he'd set up their chairs far enough that they weren't at risk of falling or getting stuck, Will patiently taught Abigail how to set up her line, tie her weights and bait her hook.

Soon she was all set after Will showed her how to carefully cast her line and make herself comfortable in her chair. Will started on his line and soon joined her. Will and Abigail spent a few hours relaxing and fishing.

There was no real expectation that they'd catch anything, it was more about them spending time together and it was one of the best things to happen since Abigail came to live with him. Even Will's mother had warmed up more to Abigail and was becoming more agreeable to naming Abigail her heir once the girl presented as an Alpha.

By noon, Will and Abigail were ready for a break, so they packed up their fishing equipment and headed back to the house for lunch.

"Mama….can we do this again?"

"Of course, we can, as often as you want."

Abigail beamed up at Will and the Omega felt himself settle. His pup was happy and the Alpha of his choice was courting him. Nothing could be better than this moment.

“Omega La Fontaine, an Alpha Lecter called and requested the presence of you and Miss Abigail at a dinner in three days. Should I call back and reject it?”

“No, Abigail and I will attend I’ll call him myself and let him know.”

“What do you say, Abigail,” Will asked his daughter. She’d gone quiet when Hannibal was mentioned but she didn’t look upset, just pensive. It took a moment but she nodded in agreement.

Will would call Hannibal tonight but for now, he promised to spend the day with his daughter, with no distractions and that was what they were going to do. Will and Abigail didn’t bother changing from their outdoor clothes when they went to the kitchen, though their shoes were safely abandoned outside.

Will grabbed several toppings from the fridge while Abigail grabbed some sliced bread from the pantry for sandwiches. They didn’t bother even going to the dining room, instead, Will picked Abigail up and plopped her right down on the counter and they ate in the kitchen together.

Making funny faces and in-between bites, and Will telling funny stories from his childhood, time moved quickly for the two. After lunch, Will took Abigail to the media room to watch Disney movies. Being raised in a different country was no excuse not to know the classics and Will wanted to watch them in order or release so they started with Snow White and stopped at Bambi.

They spent the rest of the day watching Disney movies and eating snacks until it was time for dinner. WIll’s mother was eating out with some associates, so Will and Abigail were left to their own devices. Will ordered a pizza delivery and they ate on the floor of the media room.

They stayed up until Abigail started dozing off. That's when Will paused Bambi and took her upstairs to bed. He got her bathed and into her pajamas, with a little effort since she kept dozing off, but soon Abigail was tucked into her bed for the night.

"Mama, I had fun today."

"So did I sweetheart. I can't wait to do it again," Will smiled down at her. He kissed her forehead and scented her a bit before Abigail fell completely asleep. Will went back to his own room and showered before calling Hannibal.

The Alpha hadn't answered but Will left a message agreeing to dinner with him and Abigail, while he changed for bed. He hung up and settled under the cover of his bed, Will was asleep before his head even hit the pillow.

Chapter 12

“Hello Hannibal, thank you for inviting us for dinner,” Will said as the Alpha welcomed him and Abigail into his home. This would be Abigail’s first time in the Alpha’s home and the first time they would test how they may function as a family unit.

It would all be for nothing if Abigail wasn’t conformable with the arrangement, and Will was certain that Hannibal had no plans of ever letting him go even if it was at Abigail’s expense.

This dinner needed to go well.

Hannibal took their coats and guided them into the kitchen. Without the bustle of other guests, the house felt huge but with Hannibal’s collections of art, instruments, and books it looked lived in.

Will handed Hannibal the package wrapped in butcher's paper he brought with him. Hannibal unwrapped it curiously. It was Franklin’s liver, that Will had taken and packaged away in a freezer until he could personally deliver it to his Alpha.

“I hope it’s ok that I brought meat instead of wine. It’s the liver taken from a long pig, like from the first dinner I had here.”

“Thank you, Will, I won’t use it tonight because I had something else in mind, but trust that your thoughtful gift will be put to use.”

“Your welcome Hannibal,” Will preened under the attention of his Alpha, especially since it looked like his Alpha realized just from whom he’d gotten the liver. The Alpha’s eyes flashed a little more red than usual before he turned and put the liver away in his fridge.

“Hello Miss Abigail, thank you for coming to dinner tonight with your Mama.”

“Thank you for having us,” Abigail says politely but doesn't engage with the Alpha further. Will and Abigail take a seat at the kitchen island and watch the Alpha cook their dinner from scratch. Hannibal confidently moves around his kitchen like a king in his domain and it isn’t long before he’s ushering them to the dining room.

The table is the same one from the last time Will was there, designed to seat multiple guests. This time, however, the table is set for three. Will and Hannibal are on one side and Abigail sitting across from them. Most Alphas make a point to sit at the head of a table whether it’s in their own house or out in public, but Hannibal sat next to Will completely abandoning the head seat.

They were like a normal family having dinner. The Alpha went back into the kitchen after making sure Will and Abigail were set with a glass of wine and sparkling water respectively. He came back a few moments later carrying their dinner.

“I thought it would benefit us to break up the mundane tonight so for dinner tonight we’ve crossed the border into Spain with a specialty. Tonight we’re having paella topped with rabbit and duck, with crispy duck skins.”

“Thank you Hannibal it smells wonderful.”

“Thank you, Mr. Hannibal.”

“Please dig in and enjoy you two.”

Will made sure to serve Abigail first. It would be her first time having more international cuisine, and he wanted to make sure she was okay with it. He put a healthy scoop of paella on her plate, with most pieces of duck and a small bit of rabbit for her to try.

While he was helping Abigail, Hannibal took the liberty to serve both himself and Will and topped off the Omega’s wine. They all quietly dug into their dinner, Will and Abigail happily clearing their plates, and Hannibal preening at their obvious enjoyment.

During their second serving conversation started to flow. Hannibal switched between flirting with Will and asking Abigail about herself, slowly drawing the young girl out of her shell. Slowly Will began to back off and let Abigail and Hannibal dominate the conversation.

“Do you always cook your own food, Mr. Hannibal?”

“You may call me Hannibal Abigail, you and your mother have permission to address me more casually than other people. And yes, I do cook my own food as I’m very particular about what I put in my body. I even butcher my own meat.”

“Does that mean you hunt like Mama does?”

The Alpha didn’t even twitch at the question. Hannibal and Abigail stared at each other before the Alpha smiled with too many teeth and replied, “Yes, though I’m sure I’ve had more practice than your mother, we do enjoy hunting the same prey.”

“Do you hunt prey like daddy did?”

“No, I prefer my prey to be much more mature when I hunt, and they must meet…… specific criteria before I decide whether or not they are worthy.

Abigail nodded thoughtfully.

“Do you promise not to hurt my Mama?”

“I promise that no harm will ever come to you or your mother while you’re both under my care Abigail. Besides I’m sure your mother is dangerous enough to give me a run for my money.”

“Good. When I’m older you’ll teach me how to hunt too, so I can protect Mama.”

Both Hannibal and Will were surprised at Abigail's declaration that she would hunt like them when she was older. Though they shouldn't have been, it was in her blood, and even if it wasn't her mother was a dangerous monster in his own right with a penchant from equally dangerous Alpha's.

The conversation had moved on when Abigal asked Hannibal about any instruments he played, after their trip to the music store Abigail had been bouncing from wanting to learn the piano to playing the flute and everything in between.

The Alpha indulgently answered her questions and when he mentions he had a music room the girl begs to see the instruments and listen to the Alpha play. Will laughs at his daughter's excitement and laughs even harder at the Alpha's surprise at her interest.

Will starts to clear the table but Hannibal swiftly steps in and sends him and Abigail to the living room while he puts things away. Will insists on helping but Hannibal and Abigail gang up on him and make him sit and relax in the other room.

It seems like the Alpha and the young girl had come to an agreement that Will needed to be taken care of. While Will had hoped the two would bond, it being over his supposed inability to take care of himself wasn't what he had in mind.

He couldn't complain though, his Alpha and daughter had developed their own relationship and while Abigal may never call Hannibal 'father,' she respected his authority and ability to keep them safe.

Hannibal on the other hand seemed charmed by Abigail's boldness at her age. Normally he wasn't a fan of children, their rudeness could be excused by their age, but they were in fact still rude. Abigail displayed none of the normal traits he found unsavory in children.

She was intelligent, had a good grasp of adult conversation, and had decent manners for a child her age. No Hannibal normally wasn't fond of children, but he was starting to see Abigail as more of a young protege and knew in a few months he would be fond of her in that way.

After putting away the food and setting the dishes in the dishwasher, Hannibal rejoined Will and Abigal who were lounging together on his sofa. The Alpha felt his more primal instincts settle at the sight of his chosen Omgea and that Omega's pup settled in his den, trusting him to keep them safe and cared for.

Will was the type of Omega that would kill an Alpha he didn't consider worthy, and Hannibal was sure if delved into the Omega's kills he would find a few unworthy Alpha's who pushed their luck.

That thought struck a nerve. The idea that there were Alphas' out there so arrogant that they coveted what was his and his alone. He was the only Alpha strong enough, dangerous enough to sate Will's thirst for blood.

He would keep his Omega fat off the flesh of pigs, keep his lips wet from wine made of their blood, and his skin flushed with pleasure as Hannibal fucked him with the feeling of the hunt running through his veins. His Omega would want for nothing and together they would indulge in the pleasure of the hunt.

With those thoughts swirling in his head Hannibal strides into the room and immediately scents Will and Abigail. Layering them with possessive Alpha, and his personal scent of rosewood and cinnamon. Will nuzzled into his Alpha's scent, while Abigail allowed it before pushing the Alpha away.

She tugged on his arm insistently, and Habbibal finally let them up to show Abigail the instruments in his music room. He sat her next to him on the bench of a grand piano and started to play Moonlight Sonata, before jumping into Clair de Luna.

After he'd played the last note, he started from the beginning with Moonlight Sonata, carefully showing Abigail the notes. Her little fingers followed his as best as she could, having so much fun.

Will had draped himself across the piano like a singer and watched his little family having fun. But all good things must come to an end, for them the end came when Abigail gave up on the piano to nap in a chair across the room.

Hannibal was still at the bench but was playing softer than earlier.

“I think it’s time to call it a night,” Will said as he came around to sit on the bench next to Hannibal. Every once in a while playing a random note and smiling as the Alpha played around him.

“Or, you two could stay here tonight.”

“Mmm really, what would the vultures say if I didn’t go home tonight.”

“It would be nothing they don’t already suspect. You are the only Omega I’ve been actively spending time with, despite the best attempts of the mothers of every eligible Omega in the city.”

“Hahaha, really? Every Omega?”

“You haven’t seen it yet, but I spend a lot of time fending off the advances of Omegas’ who just happen to run into me out and about?”

“Hold now, I’m not sure I want to sleep over at the house of an Alpha entertaining all these other Omegas.”

“I can understand why you’d think that, who knows, I’ve even had them thrust upon me by other bearing mothers on the cusp of their heats.”

At that, Will stops joking and turns toward his Alpha. Hannibal is carefully watching his reaction and stops playing to give Will his full attention. The Omega smiles sweetly, clubs into his Alpha’s lap, and says, “You’re my Alpha. You will have no other Omega after me and any that tries to throw themselves at you will die by my hand.”

Hannibal shudders at the promise of violence in WIll's voice. He can't help but kiss that look of possessiveness on his Omega's face. They start with a few chaste kisses before the Alpha moves down Will's face and neck. He kisses the Omegs' forehead, and cheeks and plants wet kisses against his scent gland, while Will squirms on his lap.

"Please say you'll stay the night mylimasis. I don't think I can be away from you right now."

"Okay."

Will gives Hannobal one more lingering kiss before sliding off his lap and going across the room to pick up Abigail, who's dead asleep. Hannibal takes a few deep breaths, his Omega's scent staying in his nose like a drug. Eventually, the Alpha stands up and leads Will and sleeping Abigail upstairs to the bedrooms.

He leads Will to a guest bedroom next to his, but the Omega completely ignores it and follows his Alpha's scent into the master bedroom. Hannibal trails behind him and watches as his Omega and pup make themselves comfortable on his bed, in the heart of his den.

Will pokes around the drawers until he finds Hannibal's pajamas, he takes two shirts and dresses Abigail in one and changes into the other himself. It's a dress on Abigail and on Will, it hangs just above his thighs.

Will pushes Abigail to the middle of the bed and Hannibal comes up and hugs him from behind. Getting drunk on his Omega's scent mixing with his own, Hannibal can't resist nipping at his neck, the promise of a mating bite in their future.

For now, though, he lets his Omega settle into bed with his pup and changes into some pajama pants, opting to sleep shirtless. Hannibal climbs in behind Will and drags both hs and Abigail closer so he can reach them both before drifting off to sleep.

Chapter 13

‘Do I smell a new couple or just an Omega being a tease? Dear readers, it has recently come to my attention that Omega William La Fontaine and Alpha Count Hannibal Lecter III Ph.D. have been spending more and more time together as of late and I have sources that tell me that the Omgea has even spent the night with his daughter at the Alpha’s home. Now I know what you’re all thinking, of course, the La Fontaine Omega got first crack at the new high society Alpha in town, but will they really last? Let’s face it since he was sixteen Omega La Fontaine has received serval proposals from notable Alphas’ but he’s never committed to any of them. Alpha Lecter could just be another notch on the Omega’s belt, which means that there’s hope yet for all you Omegas’ waiting fare a chance with Florence’s most eligible bachelor.’

Will couldn’t say he was surprised about Lounds's article or about fast it came out that he’d spent the night at Hannibal’s. It’s been a few weeks since that first night and he and Abigail make it a habit to spend a few days a week sleeping over at the Alpha’s home.

Hannibal had even started to set up the room across from the master bedroom for Abigail. For now, it only had the essential furniture and some clothes and things she’s left at the house. For Will, Hannibal has cleared out his top two drawers and made closet space for the Omega to put his things in the master bedroom.

With how often they went to events together or how often Will was at Hannibal’s home, he’d figured it comes out in the gossip column eventually. He wasn’t even surprised that Lounds had been the first to pick up the story, though he didn’t appreciate her implying that the relationship wouldn’t last.

Today though, Will was on his own. Hannibal and Abigal had a standing piano and violin lesson every week at the Alpha’s home which WIll usually attended. He’d listen for a bit then wander over to the library and read until it was time for lunch. Hannibal usually had something prepared beforehand, but sometimes he’d let them help make things from scratch.

Abigail would be starting school in a few weeks. Will decided on a private academy that put an emphasis on hands-on, outdoor learning for kids. They took field trips and were always encouraging kids to interact with the world around them.

When Will first mentioned it to Hannibal, the Alpha made a face at the thought of children running around, and purposely getting messy in the name of education, but wisely kept his mouth shut. He wasn't officially Will's Alpah and even if he was the Alpha had the distinct feeling that the battle over Abigail's education would be one he would lose.

Will had been invited out to lunch at a little cafe on the outskirts of the city. It was full of locals, lounging and sipping coffee and tea in the afternoon sun, with a variety of snacks. Will arrived first and ordered a dark roast coffee with a slice of tiramisu.

"Hi Will, how have you been."

"You mean since I last saw you at the crime scene or since your boss started harassing me and my family, though he has been quiet the last few weeks."

"I know. I called you here to apologize."

"It's been months since I killed Hobbs Bev, and not once after that did you reach out to check in on me, not even when your boss started to harass me and them my family lawyers."

"I know I didn't reach out after Hobbs, but that wasn't my fault. Jack……Agent Crawford was convinced that the situation was premeditated. He thought that you not only had planned the entire thing but that that little girl was involved with her father's murders. I immediately tried to defend you but when he realized we had a relationship he wanted me to use it to get you to confess to whatever he thought you did."

"And the only way you could protect me was to stay away entirely, which is why Agent Crawford took it upon himself to personally start to bother me."

Bev sat across from him looking as sorry as he's ever seen her, and Will wanted to believe her but something was off about this entire scene. That's what it was, it was like a scene from a movie where the fighting best friends meet at a restaurant or cafe to hash things out, and all of a sudden everything was going to be ok.

Will may have been young but, he was a seasoned monster whose instincts were telling him to tread carefully while fishing for information.

“So how have you been Bev?”

She looked relieved that Will had seemingly moved on and that made him sure something was up. Bev was way too happy to have gotten back into Will’s good graces just for friendship. She did answer his question though, talked about Il Musicista, and a few other interesting murders and she started to probe into his life.

“ What about you Will, I heard you’ve been spending a lot of time with Alpha Lecter nowadays, is it serious?”

“We are serious about our relationship, in fact, we’re planning on mating soon, and of course, Abigail loves him and is excited for us to start living together.”

“Really? It’s just that you’ve never shown any real interest in settling down and you’re only nineteen.”

“Is there a point to this little spiel Beverly?”

She hesitated before continuing on, “Will, how much do you really know about Alpha Lecter, I mean really know about him outside of his status and polite Alpha persona?”

“His persona, what the hell are you talking about Beverly?”

“Okay, I’m not supposed to be telling anyone this but Agent Crawford is investigating Alpha Lecter for the murder that has been happening lately.”

“Are you serious right now?”

“Come on Will you have to admit that it’s a weird coincidence that right around the time your Alpha shows up, the murder rates in Florence spike?

“Like you said that’s merely a coincidence, do you know how many people are constantly moving into the city at any given time, literally anyone of them could have committed any number of murders?”

“How about the fact that he lived in Baltimore during the Ripper murders and right when he left the country, the Ripper not only stops killing in the States, murders bearing a striking resemblance to the ones in the U.S. start happening here in Florence. The timeline matches Will, and Jack thinks we may be on to something.”

“Oh, it's Jack now, what happened to Agent Crawford?”

“Will…..”

“No, listen to me when I tell you this Beverly because I won’t be repeating myself. Your boss is obsessed with me and with catching the Ripper. You said it yourself all those months ago, that the Ripper was Jack’s white whale and that he’d do anything to find him. And then I come along and Hobbs, in defense of a little girl that I imprinted on, who became my *daughter,* and your boss starts to accuse me of planning the entire thing because there was no way that I coincidentally killed a serial killer.”

“Will…”

“No *Beverly,* I’m done. I gave you a chance to make amends and to fix our relationship, and you lure me out here to accuse my Alpha of benign a serial murderer. What else, are you going to accuse me of being one too, or better yet am I his accomplice? Did you think that could just swoop in and save me from a man that’s done nothing but love me and my daughter for as long as I’ve known him?”

Will trampled over whatever Beverly was going to say with his rant. He was so mad, but underneath the anger, there was a current of fear. They must have something, some piece of evidence, or a witness that saw Hannibal do something suspicious.

It was the only explanation for why Beverly was reaching out to him now of all times and trying to feed him this 'shocking' information. They had to be planning something and Will needed time to plan a defense, he wasn't going to let anyone take away his perfect family.

It was time to end this little get-together.

"You seem to have forgotten because we were friends and I made an effort to include you in everything I did but not anymore. I am a La Fontaine Omega, and you can tell Agent Crawford that I will bring down the full force of that title on him, the FBI, and the Florence police if they so much as think about charging my Alpha with something they have no solid evidence he did."

"Will Please…"

"Bye Beverly, I don't think we'll benign seeing each other again," Will said. He threw down some money for his order and walked out of the cafe without giving Beverly a chance to argue back. His driver had been waiting outside and when he saw the Omega exit the cafe he quickly opened the door for the back seat and let the Omega in.

Will sat with a huff. Even being in the relative privacy of his own car Will was still tense with anger and didn't relax until he got home and was able to hide away in his room. It was after twelve, Hannibal would be dropping off Abiagil any minute now.

Almost as soon as he had that thought his phone dinged. He'd been ignoring the messages from Beverly since he left her sitting in shock at that cafe, this one though was from Hannibal telling him he had just pulled into the driveway.

Will tried not to look like he was worried, but he couldn't stop himself from rushing down the stairs and beating them to the door. He opened it right when Hannibal was going to ring

the doorbell. The Alpha immediately knew something was wrong and sent Abigail to put her things away first so he and Will could talk in the foyer.

“Hannibal something came up. Today I had lunch with Beverly, you remember the female Beta I brought to your first dinner in Florence?”

“Yes the dark-haired woman Ms. Katz, I remember her telling stories of her work with the FBI?”

“She works with Agent Crawford and today she asked me out to a cafe. We met and she tells me that the FBI is launching an investigation into you. Hannibal, they think they have evidence to tie you to the Ripper murders.”

“Will, Will breathe it’s okay. Did Ms. Katz say whether or not they had any evidence?”

“No everything she told me sounded circumstantial, but Hannibal if she was confident enough to try and reach out to me like this, who’s to say that they don’t have a hail mary in their back pocket? Agent Crawford considers you to be his white whale and he won’t stop until he has what he’s after.”

“Will….”

“Will… and Hannibal, I didn’t know you were visiting us today,” Will’s mother interrupts. She comes from behind the Omega, with a neutral expression on her face. They don’t know what or how much she heard but that doesn’t seem to be her reason for calling out.

“Hello Alpha La Fonatine. No, I wasn’t planning on visiting I was just dropping off Abigail and Will wanted to talk to me.”

“And I assume you also weren’t planning on asking my permission to court my son and take him and my granddaughter into your family?”

“Mother, I don’t need your permission to be courted by an Alpha.”

“Will, while you may not want or need my permission but he does. These things have to be done right, especially between prominent families like ours, or are you okay with questioning the validity of your relationship every step of the way?”

Will is cowed into opening the door wider and letting Hannibal in properly. This is the first time the Alpha has ever set foot into the La Fontaine home, and Will feels a sense of shame. For all the times he’s slept over Hannibal's house or had been invited over for dinner, he had not once offered to do the same for his Alpha.

Hannibal, sensing Will’s souring mood, smoothly started to scent his Omega using the glands on his wrist and rubbed it against Will’s neck. Will nuzzled into the action and took deep calming breaths of his Alpha’s scent.

The pair followed Will’s mother into the dining room where Abigail was already seated and waiting for them to join her for lunch. Outside of Abigail talking about her music lessons, lunch was a quiet affair.

It was only after they finished eating and the adults retired to the sitting room did things start to go awry.

“Will why don’t you take Abigail upstairs to play.”

“Mother….”

“Will please, I want to talk to Alpha Lecter alone, why don’t you spend some time with Abby? You and I will speak later.”

Will didn't want to leave Hannibal and his mother alone together but he trusted them both to keep their tempers in check. Will and Abigail left the two Alphas to themselves and went outside to play in the garden.

"Alpah Lecter I don't know who or what you are and I don't care to find out. I admit that I haven't been the best parent to Will because when my Omega, died a large part of me died with him and I never recovered. I know that my son is a monster, to what extent I don't ever want to know, but what I do know is that I will do everything in my power to keep him and Abigail safe. Do you understand?"

"I do. You don't have to worry about Will or Abigail, not as long as I'm alive."

"And in turn, I will do everything I can under the La Fontaine name to ensure that you stay that way."

The two Alphas had to an agreement and not even a drop of blood was spilled, that was more than Will was hoping for when his mother came to fetch him and Abigail from the garden.

"Will, I've given Hannibal my formal permission to court you under the stipulation that when you two marry Abigail remains the heir to the La Fontaine family so long as she presents as an Aphla."

"Thank you, Mother."

"Your welcome Will. Now come along Abigail Hannibal wants to say goodbye before he leaves."

Hannibal gave his farewells to Will and Abigail and promised to have them over again soon. For now, though the Alpha had his own preparations to make. He didn't make it this far as a hunter just to get caught right before he'd get his greatest prize.

Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

One chapter left everyone, almost there.

“Hello Ms.Lounds, it’s a pleasure to meet you face to face.”

“I have to say the honor is all mine Omega La Fontaine, I admit that this is the first time someone of your status has actually invited me into their home.”

“Oh?”

“It seems I’ve developed a bit of a reputation for doing anything to get the truth.”

“Is that what you do Ms. Lounds? Do you really print the truth, or the most interesting version of it?”

“I take it you’ve read my article on your relationship and you’re none too pleased.”

“I have to admit even my mother was surprised, at your article when I mentioned it. You see she’s been very excited about our upcoming mating and has put in a lot of effort to merge our families.”

“So you're saying that the current La Fontaine Alpha supports your relationship with Alpha Lecter?”

“Yes, why do you sound so surprised?”

“Well I’ve heard that she wasn’t too keen on his interest in you and in fact, she was actively interfering in your relationship.”

“Let me guess, you ‘heard’ from Beverly about my relationship.”

“Oh, I thought you two were closer than that.”

“Yes, well there have been some recent events that have shown me what type of person she really is.”

“Do tell.”

“Well, if you insist…..”

“Oh, believe me, Omega La Fontaine, I do insist. I’ve already heard her side of the story, wouldn’t you like to get your side out there so people know what’s going on? After all, you’re an Omega from one of the most influential families in the world. When you speak people listen and right now I’m here to listen to what you have to say.”

“Alright, Beverly and I had a falling out because her boss has been harassing us recently. I’m sure you’re aware of how my daughter came to be in my care.”

“There are rumors but your family has done a good job of suppressing useful information.”

“I imprinted on her after meeting her and her father at their family shop and I was content on just visiting and seeing her for a while…….. long story short I walked in on her father attacking her and I’m sure you’re aware of the protective instinct an Omega has.”

“Yes I am, so it’s safe to assume that….”

“Yes I killed her father, but it was only in her defense. If I hadn’t I’m sure he would have killed her himself.”

“But why are you so sure that it would have ended in her death?”

“It didn’t come out until later, but Abigail’s father was a killer who had been targeting young girls all across the city, and *Agent Crawford* got it into his mind that it was too much of a coincidence for me to have imprinted on the daughter of a serial killer and then kill that serial killer in her defense. And on top of that, he’s dared to harass my family and my Alpha. Even Mother is getting fed up.”

“Are you telling me that you are being harassed by the FBI and it’s gotten to the point where the lead Alpha of the La Fontaine family has to intervene?”

“Unfortunately it’s gotten to that point.”

“I just have one question why are you telling me any of this? You are the only La Fontaine Omega in generations, high society hangs off your every word, you could even hold a press conference addressing this issue and no one would bat an eye. Why come to me?”

“Because Ms. Lounds you can do something for me that officials channels can’t reach. Your site gets hundreds of thousands of hits from around the world on any given day which means that this won’t just be limited to Florence and it won’t be something that can be swept under the rug by the FBI. You get a story and I get my privacy back.”

“What do you say, Ms. Lounds, do we have a deal.”

“Omega La Fontaine I would never make a deal for personal gain or profit, however, I’m sure you and Alpha Lecter will plan on marrying after your wedding, and if find yourself in need of someone to cover the event……”

“Of course. It’s been a pleasure, Ms. Lounds. I can’t wait to read your next piece.”

A few weeks had gone by since that meeting and The Tattle had come out with a story that shined a light on FBI. Agent Crawford and his team were immediately called back to the States and the director of the FBI and Agent Purnell from the office of the Inspector General.

As soon as the article came out Will printed it out and read it to Hannibal out loud over a nightcap in their bedroom. Because the master bedroom at Hannibal’s house had become their room.

‘Dear readers, I’ll be the first to say that law enforcement around the world has received backlash in recent years over their use of force and the integrity of their offices but I’d never think I’d see such an example of corruption in our city of Florence. I’ve recently been made aware of just how far this corruption goes, dear readers, I come to you with solid proof that the FBI team that was sent here earlier this year to teach our offices how to better protect us is the cause of this corruption.

To give those of you to are unaware some background on the situation, earlier this summer an FBI team headed by Agent Jack Crawford was invited to our fair city in an attempt to teach our police their methods for catching dangerous criminals and lowering our murder rates. But since they’ve been in the city it seems like all they can do is be just one step behind.

I’m sure you all remember the young girls that were going missing in our city only a few months ago, well it’s come to my attention that the FBI weren’t the ones who caught the killer. In fact, they didn’t know the girls were going missing until the killer was in turn killed by an Omega protecting their pup. Will Graham La Fontaine has been completely open in his involvement in the Hobbs killing because he was acting in defense of the pup he imprinted on.

Everyone knows that Omeags are capable of great violence in defense of their children and Omega La Fontaine not only put his life at risk to defend his pup, he killed a serial killer and managed to give closure to the families who lost daughters. The only thing the FBI did in this situation was show up late, clean the scene, and then accuse Omega La Fontaine of orchestrating the entire thing.

Agents Jack Crawford and Beverly Katz have spent the last few months harassing the La Fontaine family, and in recent weeks, have started to harass Alpha Hannibal Lecter who has been confirmed to be in a relationship with Omega La Fontaine. A relationship that has been approved by Alpha Grace La Fontaine. Agent Crawford has even gone on to allege that Alpha Lecter is the notorious American serial killer the Chesapeake Ripper, without providing any evidence of why or how he came to this conclusion.

Sources close to Agent Crawford have said that's been obsessed with catching the Ripper for years, and it looks like that obsession has finally pushed him over the edge. Alpha La Fontaine has finally had enough and as I write this, she's brought the full force of her family name down on the FBI. Not only is she suing Agent Crawford and his team for harassment, but she's even personally flown back to the U.S., a place she abandoned almost twenty years ago after the death of her Omega, to take her case to the FBI themselves over their handling of the situation.

For now, though it looks like Alpha Lecter has moved into the La Fontaine home while Alpha La Fontaine is away. And it doesn't look like he'll be moving back into his own home anytime soon, as the property has been listed for sale. Even though they've had a bit of a whirlwind romance it looks like Alpha Lecter and Omega La Fontaine are in it for the long haul while the FBI plays the villain to their fairytale.

Will couldn't help but feel a sense of victory, even though they hadn't fully gotten rid of Agent Crawford, they'd still managed to put him in the dog house with the FBI. He wouldn't be able to make any serious moves for a while.

After he finished reading the article Will finished his drink, a nice malt whiskey, and walked his Alpha over to their bed. Tonight they had something to celebrate, so it was okay if they had a little fun.

Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

Warning: They fuck next to a corpse

Chapter Notes

Thank you everyone for your encouragement while I wrote this fic. This was my first multi-chaptered fic and I'm proud of the way it turned out and the fact I managed to stay on schedule. While this is the end of this story, I am planning on writing a sequel later in the year, but until then I will be working on a Harry Potter fic which I will start posting for at the end of August. Once again thank you everyone for your support and I hope you enjoy this chapter. ;)

“Mmmm, good morning my darling Omega.”

“Good morning my Alpha. How much time do we have until my mother comes back with Abigail?”

“We have a few more hours to ourselves before they return.”

“What about the body?”

“I woke earlier and disposed of it, Don’t worry no one will notice anything strange for a while. We have some more time for ourselves.”

“Good because I don’t think I’ve had enough of you yet,” Will said as he rolled on top of his Alpha. His Omega instincts were still running high from their mating last night. The thrill of hunting prey together and then mating in the dirt like animals scratched something primal in Will.

Will's mother came back for a short time from her battle in America against the FBI. She'd taken Abigail away for a few days so they could spend time together before she went back to the States and Abby started school in a week. She'd been talking about it since Will told her. She was so excited to make new friends and with the tutoring she was receiving she was sure to be ahead of the curve.

Abigail with her grandmother Will and Hannibal let go of the staff for a few days and had the entire La Fontaine villa to themselves. And they used every inch of the space. Even just the thought of Hannibal's mating gift last night made Will's mating mark twinge with arousal.

It'd been a few hours since Grace came and got Abigail from a little girls' trip. Will had given the staff the next few days off so he and Hannibal would have the house to themselves. The Alpha had left right after Grace and Abigail only telling Will to put on something nice, he had a surprise for him.

And Will wanted to have a surprise waiting for his Alpha. As soon as the last member of the staff left the property, Will went to the kitchen and pulled out a variety of fruits and berries. He washed and diced them and placed them on a glass platter with side dishes filled with honey and chocolate sauce.

He set the platter in the fridge to chill while he went upstairs to change. No matter what Hannibal's surprise was, Will intended to leave his Alpha stunned with no choice but to give him a mating bite.

Will went to his closet and pulled out a white chiffon babydoll from a bag behind the door. He'd bought after he and Abigail started sleeping over at Hannibal's regularly but he'd never had the chance until now. First, he showered and made sure to use unscented soap so his Alpha could scent him with no outside interference.

Will had just finished deciding on a baby pink lipstick when he heard a car pull into the driveway. He waited until he heard Ahnnibal unlock the door and come in before stepping out of his room and walking to the top of the stairs.

Hannibal had just come from the direction of the kitchen, looking for Will, when he scented his Omega and looked up the stairs. Even from there, Will could see Hannibal's nose flare, and his eyes dilate with lust.

"Come here mylimasis," the Alpha crooned softly. Will glided down the stairs like some ethereal being and came to a stop right in front of Hannibal. The two stared at each other in silence, Hannibal marveling over WIll's beauty and scenting him. Will stared into the red ring of his Alpha's eyes that seemed to get deeper as the Omega pushed more of his scent into the air.

Hannibal reached out and drew Will closer to him, scenting the glands at his neck and running his fingers through Will's freshly washed hair. Will stood on his tiptoes and scented Hannibal's back.

"Mmmm, hold on Will."

"Why, we finally have the house to ourselves and I have plans…..plans that involve you finally giving me your mating bite."

"Trust me Omega if this could wait it wouldn't even be on my mind. I would have chased you up the stairs and had you on the floor on the floor of your room then I'd take you again in your nest and give you my bite."

Will huffed and pulled away, "Fine, what's so important that you have to have to put a pin in our mating?"

Hannibal smiled and kissed Will sweetly on his lips before leading the Omega through the house out to the garden. The La Fontaine estate had incredible security all throughout and around the property, and for the first time since Will and his mother moved to the house, it was off.

It needed to be for what Hannibal had planned.

“Do you remember a few months ago, before the first dinner with us and Abigail? You called my cell to confirm, but I didn’t pick up. Well, I was preparing this for you.”

Hannibal stepped out of the way and that’s when Will saw him. A Black man, probably in his mid-thirties was lying on the ground, and his hands and feet were bound with piano wire. He was snarling at them through the duct tape on his mouth. Clearly, the man was an Alpha, but who he was or why Hannibal had brought him as a present escaped Will.

Hannibal picked up on his confusion and explained. “Do you remember that music shop you went to with Abgial? It’s where you first met Franklin, this man was Franklin’s friend and the owner of the shop.”

“That still doesn’t explain what he’s doing harem and why this trumps you fucking me.”

“He is Il Musicista.”

“The killer with a penchant for using musical instruments in displaying his kills?”

“Yes. At first, I was planning on letting you hunt him, I’d have loved to watch you work properly this time,” Hannibal said whispering in Will’s ear, “but that wouldn’t have been fair. I’ve already seen you, when you killed Franklin, I got to see all of you. Now you’ll get to see all of me.”

Hannibal leads Will to a stool he didn’t notice before and sits the Omega down so he has the perfect view of what's about to happen.

Hannibal takes off his suit jacket and rolls up his sleeves showing off his strong forearms, capable of carrying a lot of weight and inflicting a lot of pain. Will feels as if there’s an electric current running through his body.

Here in his own garden, he’s going to witness a murder and the killer isn’t just any man. Hannibal is a killer who’s been operating for decades in multiple cities and with a body count

so high he's probably stopped keeping track.

He's been doing this longer than Will's been alive, his technique and stamina for the hunt are unparalleled and Will gets a front-row seat to watch the master at work. Hannibal starts by opening a leather doctor's bag that had been sitting next to the stool and pulling out a scalpel.

He walks over to Il Musicista, who's still struggling on the ground, and pins the other Alpha on his back with one arm on his throat while using the scalpel in his other hand to stab him precisely under the ribs to pierce the man's pericardium.

It would be a swift death, but the Alpha being alive while it happened, watching the life drain out of his eyes was the true show. And Will was right about Hannibal's skill, piercing the heart of his prey with one move, with barely more than a small scratch indicating where he had stabbed.

Hannibal was feeling particularly prideful tonight. He had a beautifully dangerous Omega sitting on a stool like a muse watching his every move, showing off a bit never hurt anyone. By piercing the heart directly Hannibal had given himself under five minutes to inflict the most amount of pain.

He moved quickly and efficiently, starting by peeling back the skin on each of Il Musicista's fingers exposing the muscles underneath, before moving on to his eyelids. Hannibal sliced them at the crease and peeled them off, leaving the other Alpha's eyes permanently exposed to the world.

For the entirety of that torture, Il Musicista screamed and howled under the tape on his mouth until his heart stopped and he was frozen in that scene of pain and anguish for eternity. Hannibal had destroyed the man's greatest pride as a musician while he only had moments to live through all the pain.

After Il Musicista had stopped struggling and was finally dead, Hannibal went on to do more damage to the Alpha in death. Continuing with this theme of peeling back masks, Hannibal surgically removed Il Musicista's face leaving behind only muscle and bone.

At that point Will had left his stool and moved closer to the scene, leaving over Hannibal's shoulder, nuzzling his Alpha and letting his pleasure be known about his Alpha's skill. And for the first time since he was just beginning to hone his craft Hannibal felt distracted.

He soon abandoned his work altogether to focus on Will, running bloody hands along the Omega's body. Will was soon left with bloody handprints all over his body and his babydoll nightwear was covered in red.

He looked like a vampire bride messily playing in the blood of his victim, which only made Hannibal harder, seeing this lovely creature being stained red by his own hand. The Alpha wasted no time in laying Will out next to the body of Il Musicista.

The Alpha smoothly stripped off his shirt and pants while Will lay underneath him panting. His scent filled the air as the Omega became more aroused. Hannibal wasted no time licking and marking at Will's neck and shoulders.

He ripped Will's baby doll down the front and let the pieces fall around them. The Alpha couldn't help but marvel at his Omega's body. Will was flushed pink and his scent had become cloyingly sweet with arousal.

Hannibal felt his teeth ache with the need to bite his Omega and tie them together, but first, he wanted to indulge. Hannibal took two of his fingers and nudged them into Will's mouth, letting the Omega suck and wet them thoroughly.

Hannibal pulled them from Will's mouth and immediately used them to circle Will's rim before plunging both fingers inside. The Omega was dripping with slick, and Hannibal barely needed to stretch Will on his fingers but the Alpha became entranced at the sight of his Omega.

Will's moaning had steadily gotten louder until the Omega was almost wailing like a banshee. He squirmed, trying to get Hannibal's fingers to reach deeper inside him but it wasn't enough.

“Hannibal, Alpha please….fuck me. Please give me your cock, I want you to knot me and give me your bite……please Alpha.”

Hannibal growled at his Omega’s words, Will had gone from his normal forceful self to a needy horny mess and Hannibal couldn’t get enough of the sight. But Will’s begging had gotten to him and Hannibal removed his fingers from Will’s hole. The Omega whined in desperation and was hushed by his Alpah as Hannibal finally, finally sunk his cock into the wet, tight heat of Will’s hole.

The Alpha felt like his cock was caught in a vice, and both he and Will groaned when he sunk down to his balls. Hannibal pulled out slowly, so Will could feel every inch of his Alpha’s hard cock stretching him, before thrusting back into the Omega.

Their moans and gasps of pleasure echoed in the silence of the garden. The slick sounds of Hannibal's cock sinking into Will’s hole over and over again were music to the Alpha’s ears. Will clawed at his Alpha’s back and left his own possessive marks on Hannibal's neck and shoulder.

With the scent of their pheromones and the feeling of becoming one with each other, it wasn’t long before Hannibal could feel his knot growing at the base. As it grew bigger, it pulled at Will’s rim as the Alpha thrust in and out of his hole.

Will came with a scream and clenched Hannibal’s cock so tightly that the Alpha followed him over the edge. Hannibal gave a few more strong thrusts before his knot was too big and he pushed it into Will’s hole, locking them together as he came.

At that same moment, Hannibal leaned forward and bit Will over his mating gland. Will moaned and shuddered as the bond snapped into place. Neither one of them could take another mate while they both lived, this was more permanent and more binding than any form of marriage or union.

No other Alpha would be able to touch Will, without causing him pain and Hannibal was now immune to the scents of all other Omegas in heat. Their instincts were being hardwired to cater to each other on the most basic needs.

Just remembering their mating from last night had Will dripping with slick.

Will allowed Hannibal to roll him on his back and leave bruising kiss marks on the Omega's legs leading into the crease between his thigh and cock. Hannibal nuzzled Will's little Omega cock, before swallowing it whole and swiftly drawing an orgasm out of his mate.

Will twitched and cried out in ecstasy. After swallowing Will's cum, Hannibal moved lower to tongue Will's hole, still dripping with the Alpha's cum from last night. Hannibal switched between teasing Will's rim and plunging his tongue into his hole and fucking him.

"My Alpha, if you don't hurry up and put your cock in me I'll sit here and make you watch me get off without you."

Hannibal growled at that and roughly thrust his heavy cock into WIll's loose hole. He fucked his Omega roughly, and Will moaned sweetly into the air.

"Everything here, every inch of your body, and every bit of your pleasure is mine. Mine to give and mine to take. The only way you will cum is either on my cock or while you're sucking it. I will have you anywhere I want whether it's in your nest or on the ground in a park in the middle of the day. This hole is mine. Say it."

"Yes, Alpha Please. This hole is yours, please I want to cum on your fat cock please, knot me and fill me with your pups," Will cried with tears of pleasure running down his face.

The Omega came first twisting and moaning at his orgasm, and then at the overstimulation from Hannibal still pounding his hole until the Alpha finally came with a grunt and stuffed his cock deeper into Will so the Omega could take his knot.

The Alpha twisted to lay on his side so he was spooning Will from the back. Alpha and Omega let their scents do the talking and basked in each other's spending. They'd go one to spend the rest of their time alone fucking on almost every level of the house leaving their joined scent everywhere.

It wasn’t until they had about an hour until Abigail and Grace came home that they cleaned up and opened windows to air out the house. Abigail started running into the library where Will and Hannibal had settled to scent them both and tell them about her trip.

Grace had only dropped Abigail off before heading back to the airport to go back to the States. All while Abigail was relaying her adventures to them, Will and Hannibal sat shoulder to shoulder letting their scents mingle and for the first time in their lives, their instincts completely settled.

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